

State Normal Magazine


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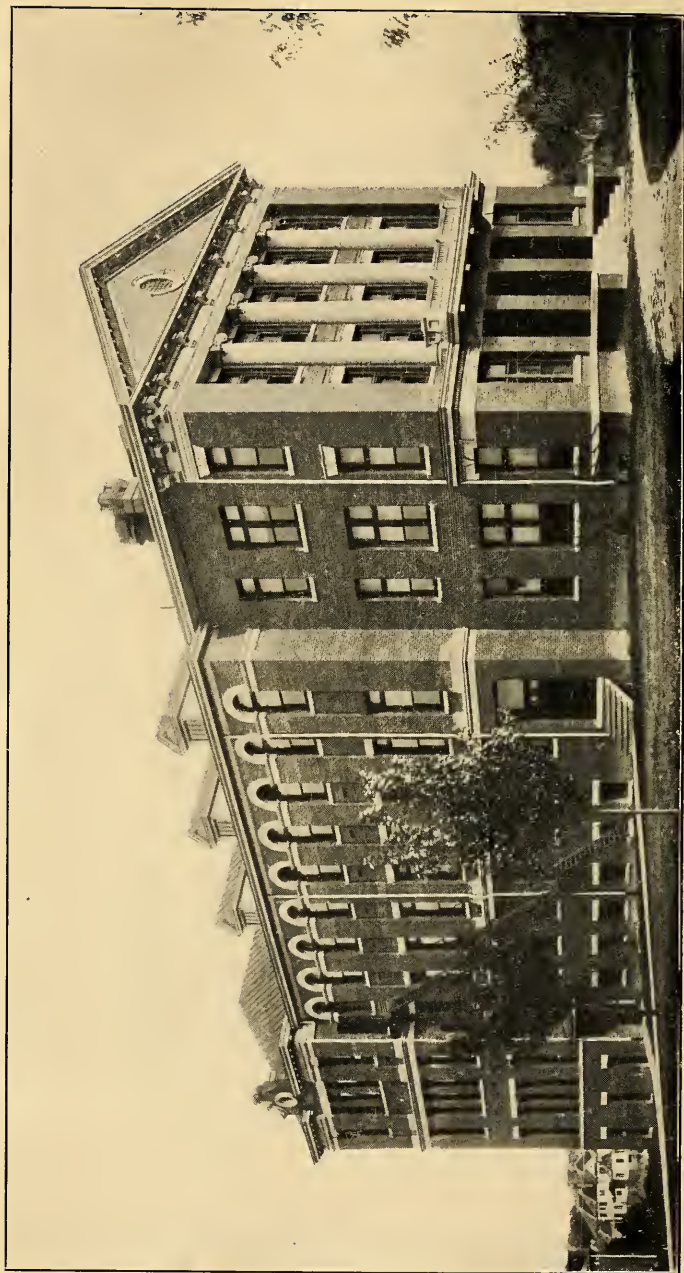
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State Normal Magazine

VOL. XV

GREENSBORO, N. C., NOVEMBER, 1910

NO. 2

Good Night and Good Morning

Adelaide Morrow, '11, Cornelian

The glowing sun has sunk from sight,
The shadows now begin to creep,
The little brown birds say a last good night,
Tuck heads beneath wings and go fast asleep.

But ere the next day 'gins to break,
And the bright sun follows the glowing dawn,
The little brown birds are wide awake,
And carol the earth a glad good morn.

Present Conditions in Our College and Plans for the Future

Minnie Littman, '11, Adelphian

Outward appearances are not always reliable indicators of inner facts, and we all know that a prosperous exterior often reveals, on closer examination, needs which at first pass unsuspected. And, where this fact is true in regard to an individual, we find that the most deserving of needy individuals makes the best of what he already has, and is most scrupulously careful of appearances—a fact which sometimes leads to misunderstandings. Matters stand thus with our college; there is a lack of knowledge of its inner conditions among a number of people in the state. I had not realized how true this is until I saw an article this summer, published by a state paper, and copied by others; an article urging the citizens of North Carolina to work against the issue of bonds to provide for the further equipment of “our already pampered state schools.” Do some of us remember a speech made by Ex-Governor Aycock, in which he stated that “North Carolina is next to the most illiterate state in the Union, that most illiterate state being South Carolina, and so—let’s thank God for South Carolina”? Let us instead thank God that there are such things as state schools and colleges, and that our state is able to maintain them, and by them will be enabled to rank as the educational equal of her sister states.

To revert to the conditions of our college itself,—we have at present over six hundred students, about five hundred of whom are accommodated in the dormitories. But for several years there have been applications for entrance from far more than could be received; last summer there were applications from eight hundred young women,—in the main, young women whose aim it is to gain a sufficient education to become teachers in the schools of the state, to make their work count for something, and to be self-supporting. Many of them are unable to pay for schooling in another institution where terms

are not so liberal; and yet they do not feel justified in remaining idle. The result?—Untrained, incompetent teachers in many rural schools. And this, since boarding outside the college is impracticable, is, in the case of at least a hundred every year, primarily due to lack of dormitory space in our college.

But with increased living accommodations for students, another problem would arise. To adapt itself to the needs of the individual students, and the state schools, the college offers specialized courses in pedagogy, languages, science, music, and in the business department, book-keeping, typewriting, and stenography. To carry out this work there is first a necessity for instructors; our faculty, including all officers of the institution, and the faculty of the training school, numbers only sixty-five. Next in importance are the buildings in which the classes are held, and the books and apparatus used in teaching. We have three buildings, again including the training school, composed exclusively of class rooms, laboratories and offices for the faculty, and by dint of an economical arrangement of schedules there is just enough room for all classes, different teachers occupying the same room at different periods of the day. Under present circumstances there is just enough room, not an inch more. The courses of study are constantly being raised and broadened, as is proper in any progressive college, and we have no provision for a corresponding increase in number of instructors and working space, not considering an increased number of students. We have a college library in which we all take great pride, and from which we gain much, yet it has many empty shelves. In fact, the library and the new infirmary are the two buildings on the campus which are not taxed to their extreme capacity, but have wisely been made to meet the needs of coming years. All of our buildings have certain features in common; they are designed for use, they are modern in being well lighted, ventilated and arranged, they are furnished in simplicity and good taste, but with no attempt at ornament, or rather that luxury which should exist in a "pampered institution." As far as possible things are of the best quality, because actual experience has demonstrated only the best is worth while. But there is not

enough of this best to be shared among all those who have the right and the desire to profit by an education. The principle of first come first served, is good where there is enough for all, but where the living influence of an education is involved it is a great pity and a great shame if those at the end of the line be sent away empty-handed.

It is the work of this college to render service to the state by sending out trained and competent teachers to educate and inspire those who will be the lawmakers and citizens of the next generation; to render service to the state by training young women to be self-supporting in professions to which they are fitted; to render service to the state by teaching, in the departments of domestic science and domestic art, scientific methods of housekeeping and simple, attractive schemes of home arrangement and decoration, with the aim of lightening the drudgery and brightening the surroundings of the home. These three methods of rendering service are not mere theories: they are being yearly put into practice, with earnestness and devotion, by those who have learned them. The teaching of them constitutes the present work of the college during its eight months of regular work.

But the college is not willing to stop here,—it feels that there are needs and opportunities for extension work, and has made its first attempt in that direction by having Miss Michaux, who was a supervising teacher of the training school, made supervisor of the elementary schools in Forsyth County. This move is made to demonstrate the fact that a skilled teacher, who can criticize, make suggestions, and constantly superintend the work going on, can materially raise the status of the elementary schools. Should this plan be found successful, as it is believed it will be, and adopted in all the counties of the state, it will undoubtedly result in a greater efficiency in the schools, and will also form a new opening for teachers and an incentive for better work.

Another division of the extension work that is being launched at present is the distribution of bulletins, by the various departments of the college, to the citizens of the state. The first of the series is being gotten out by the domestic

science department, and will naturally be of practical interest to all housekeepers.

The third project in view is a summer school, for the purpose of helping students make up work which they have missed through illness or other reasons; of enabling others to finish out their work by a special course, in case they cannot afford or do not find it advisable to remain during the regular college year. It will mean a most profitable method of utilizing the immense plant which lies idle for almost four months every summer.

But for all this work that is being done and planned there is required, in addition to good will, and energy, and hard work, one thing—a larger appropriation from the state. Until we have larger resources, an increasing number of young women will knock in vain at our doors—while those within strive to do their best with what is provided them. Until then, a great part of the natural wealth of the state, in the shape of willing brains and hands, will be unused. It will be worth no more than a rushing torrent, whose energy has not been converted by skilled hands into a powerful force. But when at last this power is converted, the whole machinery of the state will move more easily; with the greater intelligence of its citizens there will be higher aims, better laws, and more able workers in all fields—general prosperity.

It is to this end that this college is striving, and each opportunity given it for better service will be utilized to the fullest.

The Widow and the Major

Lena Greene, '11, Cornelian

Mrs. Milly Booth was in the front yard with her watering-pot, sprinkling her flowers. She was a widow, and thirty-five, although she appeared younger. Today she looked quite girlish in her dimity dress; the hair that was being tossed by the cool breeze was sunny brown, and danced about her temples in distracting little curls. Her nose was tip-tilted at the end in such a way that it gave her a saucy air when the blue eyes chose to co-operate with it by dancing mischievously. Just now, however, if it had been able to do so, the poor little nose would have felt quite out of place, for the eyes were serious and thoughtful, and their blue looked very deep, as their owner moved slowly about with her watering-pot, now and then stooping to touch one flower lovingly, or to breathe in the fragrance of another.

Presently her eyes wandered down the village street, and then the pink color in her cheeks deepened visibly. She half-turned, as if to go into the house, but changed her mind and went on watering her flowers. The cause of her agitation was a tall, masculine figure which was approaching,—a middle-aged man, with a grave face and dignified bearing. When he got to the corner of Mrs. Booth's fence, he raised his hat and spoke.

"Good morning, Major," said the widow demurely, in reply, and went on sprinkling her flowers.

The Major walked very slowly. The widow sprinkled industriously.

"Fine day, Mrs. Booth."

"Delightful," said Milly.

The Major stopped by the fence. "Your flowers are very beautiful," he said.

"Thank you, Major," said the lady, giving him a smile.

The Major leaned on the fence and looked at the widow; there was admiration in his glance. "I often wish I could have pretty flowers out at my place," he said, "but I hardly

know how to go about it. Annie is married, and there's no one left but John and me; you can see how a home could get to looking a little shabby with no one around but two men and a cook. There is need——" He stopped and sighed a little. Milly had set down the watering-pot and now stood still, with down-cast eyes and flushed cheeks.

There was silence for a moment, but the Major did not complete his last sentence. However, he still leaned on the fence.

Milly, nervously moving the toe of her small shoe about in the grass, tried hard to think of something to say. Finally she raised her eyes and faltered, "Did-did you go on the excursion to the mountains last week?"

The Major was absently toying with a twig which he held in his hand. He waited a moment before replying. Then he said, "No, I didn't go; I had to go to Jonesville that day on business. By the way, Mrs. Booth, there is to be a picnic out at Pine Grove day after tomorrow, I believe; would you honor me with your company?"

Milly's heart fluttered. "Why, I'll be delighted, thank you, Major," she said, with a dazzling smile.

"And before I go," he added slowly, "if you would be so kind—if I might have one of those roses——"

"Which?" said the lady, glancing around her.

"I like red ones best," was the reply.

The widow broke off a red rose, and approached the fence. She took hold of the Major's coat lapel to put the flower in his button-hole, and as she did so the blue eyes gave the tip-tilted nose full co-operation in making her as saucy and bewitching a little person as possible. A dangerous moment, even for a man who wishes to keep his freedom, when an entrancing woman puts a flower in his button-hole! The Major drew a long breath, lingered a moment longer, and then reluctantly continued his interrupted way down the street.

Little old Miss Stacy, who had been excitedly peering at the scene from her window across the street, only waited for Milly to go into the house before she flew for her hat and sallied forth to tell the news to her friends, always adding

expressively at the end of her narrative, "*Milly Booth* for the Major!" And then she would sigh and shake her head, as if she were thinking of some one who would suit the Major so much better, if only the poor man could know it.

After this event, Milly went singing about her house with a soft glow in her cheeks, and a happy light in her eyes. To go to the picnic with the Major in his new buggy, and to come back home with him by moonlight!

The next day the little widow made great preparation in the way of lunch. She boiled a delicious country ham, a part of which, with some of her perfect bread, was to make delightful sandwiches on the morrow. She also baked a beautiful cake—and, oh, what cakes she could make! Poor Mr. Booth, in his lifetime, had declared them unequaled.

When Aunt Mandy, who lived in a little cabin nearby, and who did Milly's washing and some other jobs, came in, she was told of the picnic. She listened in wonder.

"Law, Miss Milly!" she cried, "I didn' know you an' de Majah had up no case—I sho' didn'! Wal, wal! Dat sho' am int'rus'in!"

"Who said there was anything between us?" asked Milly, blushing.

"Lawd, Lawd, Miss Milly! Yo' face tells on you, an' as fer de Majah—wha' fur he gwine take yo' to dat 'ar picnic, when he ain' nuvver done sich a thing fur no 'oman sence he bin a widder-man—gwine on eight yeahs now—ef 'n he ain' thinkin' 'bout marryin' yo'? Laws sakes, Miss Milly! I ain' no fool!"

"Marrying me, Aunt Mandy? The idea!"

"Huh!" said the old woman ironically. "Yo' ain' nuvver had sich a thought, now, has yo'!" And Milly was silenced.

The little woman had great difficulty that night in composing herself to slumber, so full of fluttering anticipation was she; but she had retired early, and, after all, lay awake not more than an hour before falling into a peaceful sleep, which lasted until her alarm went off at five the next morning.

At this loud summons she sat up with a start, and rubbed her eyes drowsily. Then she remembered the picnic and

quickly jumped out of bed, experiencing again that thrill of happy excitement. She hurriedly slipped on a house-dress, and put in her false teeth—yes, it is hard to say, but the widow really did wear false teeth. Be it some consolation, however, to know that they were the only thing about her which was not genuine; her bright color and profusion of sunny hair were her own.

She fried some chicken for her lunch-basket, eating a little of it for her breakfast, and prepared a few other delicious things; then she went about her usual morning work. Her false teeth not feeling especially comfortable this morning she removed them, as she often did, and thrust them into the pocket of her apron. Then she fed her chickens and gathered her eggs, having neglected the latter a day or two. After this she went to dress for the picnic.

It is needless to say that the lady took unusual pains with her toilet this morning. She put on a blue dress, cool and dainty; then she thought, "Well, I suppose I had better put my teeth back in now."

Accordingly, she reached for the apron which she had had on, and put her hand confidently into its pocket. What was her dismay to find nothing there! She hurriedly looked around on the floor and moved the clothes on the chair over which the apron had been lying; but no teeth were to be seen. Fear gripped her heart. Suppose she should not find them before the Major came! She ran out into the back yard, and searched the ground without results.

While she was searching, the gate opened, and a little colored boy came into the yard. "Miss Milly," he said, "I done come fur to see——"

"O, Amos!" interrupted the good lady, rushing toward him, "O, Amos! I have lost my teeth—my false teeth—and if you will only find them for me, I'll give you two dollars! Two dollars, Amos! Two whole dollars!"

The little negro's eyes rolled in wonderment; two dollars seemed to him a fabulous sum to earn in one morning. "Yas'm, Miss Milly," he answered, "yas'm, I gwine fin' 'em, Miss Milly; I gwine fin' 'em. Don' yo' worry, Miss Milly—

Laws sakes! Two dollahs! Yas'm, Miss Milly, I gwine fin' 'em."

A gleam of hope came into the widow's distracted eyes. "All right, Amos," she said, "you look all over the yard while I look in the house. I think possibly——" She wrinkled her forehead anxiously, then turned and hurried into the house.

Inside, she looked high and low—everywhere. The minutes sped by, and still she looked. She went over the same ground again and again, in the hope that she might have overlooked some spot where those teeth would possibly have lain unnoticed. At every gleam of white, her heart would leap, only to sink again upon closer examination of the object.

Finally she sank down into a chair almost despairingly. She sat there a moment, and then ran to the door to see how Amos was progressing in his search; but Amos was nowhere to be seen. "Amos! Amos!" she called,—and then called again; but there was no answer, and she went back in. She looked at the clock, and burst into tears. It was eight, and the Major was to come at nine.

But presently she raised her head. She had heard the sound of shuffling bare feet coming down the hall; and, in a moment, Amos's woolly head and large, rolling eyes appeared in the doorway. "Miss Milly," he said, "I done foun' 'em," and he walked in and laid his find on the table.

Milly sat perfectly still, but there was a great joy in her face.

"Amos Bartlett!" she cried, "where on earth did you find them?"

Amos appeared to be trying to dig a hole in the floor with his little black toe. "Way down by de gate, Miss Milly," he said, after a moment.

"Strange—I don't remember going down to the gate at all this morning. Very well, Amos, you shall have your two dollahs right away."

The lady retreated into the closet and, in a moment, came out with a purse, from which she extracted two shining silver

dollars and gave them to him. The boy left the room quickly, with the money clasped tightly in his hand.

"Poor little fellow!" said Milly, compassionately, "I guess his pockets have holes in them."

She bathed her face, which was now wreathed in smiles, and moved about the room, setting things to rights.

But presently she heard a heavy step coming down the hall, and Aunt Mandy's voice calling in tones of distress, "Miss Milly! Miss Milly! O-o-o-oh, Miss Milly!"

"What on earth is the matter, Aunt Mandy?" she cried, as the old woman appeared at the door.

"O, Miss Milly!" moaned Aunt Mandy, wringing her hands, "O, Miss Milly, whut on earf is I gwine do?"

"What is the matter, Aunt Mandy? Tell me what is the matter!"

"O, lawsy!" and the old woman sank heavily into a chair, pressing to her eyes a huge handkerchief. "Wel'm, yo' see, hit's dis-a-way, Miss Milly. I's done 'vited some hifalutin' frien's uv mine fer to come an' take dinnah wid me today. Dey's awful fash'nable folks, an' I wuz gwine hab eb-rything jes' ez fine ez I could. I 'vited 'em las' night. An' O, Miss Milly, de *awfulles*' thing hab done happen!"

"What has happened, Aunt Mandy? What is it that has happened?"

"W'y-w'y—O, me! I done los' muh——" Here her eyes fell on the false teeth which lay on the table. She looked at them hard, and then rose from her seat and slowly approached the table, gazing at them all the time. She bent down and peered at them eagerly, then snatched them with a shout of joy. "O, glory! glory hallelloo! I done foun' 'em! I done foun' muh precious teef"! Ain't it too good for anything? But say, Miss Milly, huccome *mah* teef——"

"Those are *my* teeth, Aunt Mandy! Don't you dare put them in your mouth!" cried Milly, springing forward.

"No'm, Miss Milly, dese heah's mah teef—'case I 'member, dis heah front toof wuz broke jes' 'zac'ly dis-a-way. Yo' done made a mistook uv some kin'. I don' see, fur de life o' me, how in de worl' *mah* teef got over heah!"

Milly approached and examined the teeth more closely. Then her face took on a tragic look. "Why, they are not mine, after all! O, Aunt Mandy, what shall I do? What *shall* I do?"

It was now Aunt Mandy's turn to question. "Whut de matter, Miss Milly? Whut am done happen?"

With sobs, the widow told how she had lost her teeth, how Amos had brought her these, and how she had given him the promised reward.

At the end of this tale of woe, Aunt Mandy's wrath burst forth in great force and volume. "Dat measly, good-fur-nothin', common—low-down—dishones'—*lyin'*—niggah! He done gone in mah house an' stole mah teef, an' gin 'em to you fur your'n! I 'clar to gracious, ef'n his mammy don' w'ar him out, I will! Dat's all I got to say about it! Little black scamp!"

Then her tone changed to one of pity. "Yo' po' chile! I is mighty 'feared yo' cain' ketch de Majah 'thout yo' teef. I tell yo', honey, ez I goes home, I'll jes' look aroun' de ya'd an' see ef I cain' fin' 'em fur ye. Ah's pow'ful sorry yo' done los' yo' teef, honey—but I sho' is pow'ful glad I foun' mine," she added after she had gotten outside the room.

Aunt Mandy, in her turn, looked all over the back yard, but failed to find the teeth. She went back into the house to inform Milly of her failure, and found her sitting in a chair and staring straight before her, as if turned to stone.

"Po' chile!" said Aunt Mandy, "po chile! But look-a-heah, honey," she added in more cheerful tones, "spos'n yo' jes' go 'long 'thout yo' teef, since yo' cain' fin' 'em, an' mebbe yo' kin ketch de Majah anyhow—'case yo' ha'r an' yo' eyes is so pow'ful purty, dat mebbe hit won' make no special diff'rence 'bout yo' mouf lookin' kin' er shrunk up."

But at the expression of anger which these words brought forth on Milly's face, the old woman stopped talking and got out of the room as quickly as possible. "Mah, mussy!" she mumbled, "I wuz jes' a-tryin' to cheer her up!"

She waddled out the back door, and started toward her cabin back of Mrs. Booth's place. But in a moment she halted,

“Don’ reckon Miss Milly’d keer so pow’ful much ef I wuz to git a aig, ef so be I kin fin’ one in any uv de nes’es.”

Accordingly she began to look into all the hen’s nests that she could find.

In the meantime, Milly sat still in the house—the picture of despair. What was she to do? If she shut up the house and pretended not to be at home, what would the Major think of her for breaking her engagement? How would she ever explain to him? And yet, it was plain that she could not go to the picnic without her teeth.

The hands of the clock crept on; ten minutes to nine—five minutes to nine—nine—one minute after! The sound of wheels was heard, and a buggy stopped before the house. Milly could not move; she did not know what to do. The gate clicked. Her hands closed and unclosed; her breast heaved.

But just then she heard another sound. It was Aunt Mandy’s voice. “Miss Milly! Glory halleluger! Miss Milly—I done foun’ ’em! I done foun’ ’em!” And, by the time the Major had reached the steps, the old woman was in the room, joyously waving the teeth in the air. “Guess whar I foun’ ’em, honey—jes’ guess! But no, yo’ ain’ got time, now. Lemme wash ’em fur yo’. Dar now! Put ’em in yo’ mouf ’fo’ dey gits los’ egin. Now bave yo’ face an’ powdah hit, an’ yo’ll look jes’ ez purty ez a peach.”

The Major’s knock sounded on the front door. “Yo’ jes’ be a-gittin’ ready, honey—ah gwine answer de do’h.”

When Aunt Mandy returned Milly was standing before the mirror, patting her hair and smiling faintly.

“Dat’s right, honey—git ready; I done tel’ de Major yo’d be out in a minute. Yo’ kin ketch him now, jes’ de same—dar now! I know’d dat’d bring a little color into dem pale cheeks; hit’s all right to make folks a little bit mad sometimes. Put on yo’ hat now, honey; I’ll be a-shettin’ up de basket an’ a-lockin’ uv de back do’. Yo’ sho’ is gwine look purty.”

The old negress hovered in the hall and saw the Major’s look of admiration as the widow came out. “Dat man sho’ am caught,” she said to herself, nodding her head wisely. “An’ whut diff’runce does it make ef Miss Milly do wear false

teef? She's purty, an' she's sweet, jes' de same; an' whut's more, I bet de Majah wears 'em hisse'f!"

As they drove away Aunt Mandy came out, locked the front door and hid the key where Milly could find it when she came back.

That night, when the couple returned, the old colored woman stood hidden among the bushes at the side of the house, and saw a tender little tableau on the steps.

"Dar now," she murmured sagely, "'ain' I don' said de Majah wuz caught?" She drew a long breath, then added, "'An' s'posin'—jes' s'posin'—I hadn'a looked in dat'ar hen's nes'!"



A Song

Annie Whitty, '13, Cornelian

Sing me a song of life today,
Of its sweetest pleasures and bitterest pains,
Where the young and the old, the meek and the high,
Grieve over loss and rejoice in their gains.

Sing me a song of nature's rare gifts,
The birds of the air and the blossoming flowers,—
The source of more than a minute's delight,—
Yea, fountains of joy for numberless hours.

Sing me a song of the heart of the youth
So free from care, and flaming with love,
Who, dreaming of hopes long since entertained,
Flies into the future on wings of a dove.

Sing me a song of the dear hearthstone,
Encircled by loved ones, where, one by one,
They recount their deeds with laughter and joy,
Whether they were of courage or cowardly done.

Sing me a song of blessed old age,
Of frivolity void and hopes of this world,
Which stands for those best and highest things
Preserved until then in a banner unfurled.

A Visit to Honolulu

Eliza Moore, Adelphian

We were to reach Honolulu at noon and everyone on board was excited, especially our party of six, who had never seen the beautiful garden city. Great was our delight when Cocoa Head, then Diamond Head came into view. Our enthusiasm and interest increased as, gliding over the now glassy opal-colored sea we beheld the verdant sloping hills of Punch Bowl, while at its feet lay the city of our dreams, Honolulu. When finally we came up to the dock, it was most interesting to watch the little copper-headed natives dive for the bits of silver which were thrown to them.

I was very much surprised to find Honolulu so very much like our American cities. There are street cars, automobiles, American shops, hotels and markets, and numbers of American people. The business center of the city looks a very great deal like the average American city, which is, I think, not very pretty. But the residence streets are rich in beauty, the handsome homes being enhanced by tropical gardens of unsurpassed splendor. Indeed, the city looks like one vast, beautiful garden. There are flowers and tropical fruits to be seen growing almost everywhere. The algaroba tree and the vine-blossoming bougainvillea are as wonderful as they are beautiful.

As soon as we got ashore we took an automobile and had the chauffeur take us to the elegant Alexander Young Hotel, where we enjoyed a delightful luncheon consisting of the delicious Hawaiian fishes and tropical fruits. In the afternoon we visited Fort Shafter, the United States army post. It is an unusually attractive army post, with the charming little summer houses of the officers built in a magnificent grove of cocoa palms. Before returning to the city we went around through the luxurious Moanalua gardens, with their terraces, lakes, bridges, and arbors. The cemented pools were full of the water-loving native children. On returning to the city we did a little shopping in the interesting shops, then went out to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, where an interesting little

Japanese woman served us tea and sandwiches on the roof-garden. About five o'clock we returned to the boat, telling the chauffeur to call for us again at seven.

After a typical dinner at Young's Hotel, in the evening, we had a lovely drive in the moonlight along the seashore and through superbly beautiful gardens where the moonlight threw the shadows of the leaning cocoa palms across the snowy paths, until we began to wonder if this world of sea and palm, of heavy odors and slow breezes was real.

But we must hasten to the Moana Hotel, to the dance that is to be given in our honor. The sights there were bewildering. Indeed, I was afraid that I would awake and find that it was only a dream. The verandas, parlors, roof-gardens, and dancing hall of the handsome hotel were beautifully decorated and were brilliantly lighted. Just at the back of the hotel was a beautiful, softly-lighted garden sloping down to the water's edge, where a pier extends some distance out over the ocean. At the edge of this pier was the famous Hawaiian quartet, playing and singing the most beautiful of music. The verandas, dancing hall and garden were filled with exquisitely dressed ladies and officers in their white uniforms, all feeling the spirit of the wonderful Hawaiian music.

After a delightful evening "on the light fantastic toe," we returned to our boat with "the aloha feeling in our hearts" for Honolulu.

The next day was equally interesting. We visited Mouna Loa, which is one of the largest active volcanoes in the world; Punch Bowl; the Bishop Museum, where are to be seen the feathered robes of Hawaiian royalty; the elegant palace of Queen Liliuokalani, who was deposed just before the annexation of Hawaii to the United States; the aquarium where the fantastic fishes play; the beach at Waikiki, where surf bathing is great sport; the Pali, where the beautiful island is spread out in its splendor, and where the doughty king of olden times forced his enemies up the famous Nuuna Valley and over the cliff to be crushed on the rocks below; and the schools where are to be seen Japanese, Chinese, Portugese, European, English, American, and Hawaiian children. The Hawaiian children sang their cradle song for us:

I crown thy drowsy head,
 With leis of flowers red,
 Aloha nui loa.

Thine eyes are like a lake,
 Where stars their thirstings slake,
 Aloha nui loa.

The fragrance of the south
 Is in thy seeking mouth,
 Aloha nui loa.

The songs of day are faint,
 Oh, slumber-lidded saint,
 Aloha, aloha,
 Aloha nui loa.

The music is very soft and beautiful.

We were to leave at six o'clock of that evening. Before going aboard we were plentifully supplied with "leis". They are garlands that are used to hang about the necks as farewells to friends. These are given to friends just before they go aboard, then as the steamer pulls out, it is the custom to throw them back to the friends on the shore. A lei is a floral trans-literation of the word "aloha," which means all that is loving and sweet.

We sailed out that evening just as the sun was setting. It was one of those gorgeous tropical sunsets, and the reflections on the water were exquisite. There are numbers of coral reefs just off the coast which give the water most beautiful colors and cause the waves to break into foamy froth. As our Hawaiian friends gave us "*bon voyage*" to the sweet, sad strains of "Aloha Oe," we threw back the love wreaths, and thus we left them, with a love for Honolulu in our hearts, and a desire to some day return to the wonderful city.

The Collector of the Fount

Margaret Faison, '11, Adelphian

At one corner of a rude seat near a very modest little fountain on the churchyard was cuddled up a tiny figure. The faded dress, a size too big, was so covered with patches of various washed-out colors that it would have been a difficult job to determine the original material. A tiny leg and foot, sunburned to a very dark hue, dangled languidly from the bench. The soiled-looking, whitish hair was tied tightly back from a high, pale forehead with a much bespotted and faded piece of light blue ribbon. Two big, honest gray eyes looked timidly around, and a faint little smile—as radiant a one as ever played upon the pinched little countenance—brightened up the sweet, pale face.

A rough workman came energetically to the fountain, took the bright tin cup from its hanging place and quaffed down draught after draught of the sparkling water. As he stood wiping the perspiration from his brow, the mute and almost motionless small girl, with upturned face wearing an expression of timid anticipation, met his gaze. One of his large, hard hands was immediately thrust into his pocket and two pennies dropped into the lap of the child as he hurriedly turned away to his work.

The child drew a rusty little tin box from her pocket, opened it, and added the new coins to her collection. An almost happy smile came over her face as she glanced at the contents. Then suddenly she slid down from her seat and spread the pennies, nickels and dimes, one by one, on the bench beside her.

As her small hand was passed caressingly over each coin in its turn she stopped and turned around, startled by the sound of footsteps. A little bent woman, raggedly clad, was hanging up the cup and about leaving the churchyard. For a moment the small girl looked towards her; but when she saw her going away, turned back to her little hoard with a thoughtful yet comprehensive expression on her face.

Thus day after day for almost a year—ever since the fountain had been placed on the yard of the little mission church—Sarah Ingram had spent her leisure hours. Very few these were, however; for the small orphaned girl was kept very busy doing chores in a needy family to whom she bore no other relation than that of a ward, to be gotten rid of as soon as possible. When, however, the work, very trying to her delicate constitution, was completed Sarah was accustomed to steal very quietly into the churchyard adjoining the shabby, torn-down house she called home. Occasionally she had seen the kind, smiling face of the rector. Sometimes she had wandered into the church itself and crouched up in a corner of one of the back seats. Here the music pleased her, the gestures of the minister attracted her, and the little girls wearing nice, neat clothes and gay ribbons on their hair, were the objects of her almost constant gaze.

The first day that Sarah went out to her favorite seat, after the fountain was erected, a great many workmen and passers by stopped to refresh themselves, a good many of them giving the child some little sum from their meager pocket money. At first the coins puzzled her no little. "They must be paying for the water," she said conclusively to herself at length. The idea that the change was for her never entered the mind of the little girl, who had never before received money from anyone. She could never screw up courage enough to remind her customers of the payment if they seemed tardy in extending the small pittance; so merely waited anxiously until it was given her. Some turned away, however, and added nothing to her store. This fact at first perplexed her very much, but as she began to wonder if she would really have to be brave enough to ask these for the sum, an idea entered her brain, and the worried expression gave place to one of relief. "These must be the people the rector meant when he said let them take the water freely," she concluded; and thus became quite satisfied at not receiving pay from all.

As day by day, and many times each day, she opened the box, sometimes to receive a donation, but more frequently to look with pride upon the ever increasing hoard, her little face

would beam and her eyes come as near dancing as such big, sad ones could. In a moment, however, the joy in her countenance would flutter away, and in its stead would come a wistful yet determined expression, when a red ribbon for her hair, a pretty dress and sash, and a great, big, shop-window doll—purchases possible if only the money were hers—faded away, and when the fact that it was the church's money she was keeping pushed itself almost rudely into her little mind.

One day Sarah Ingram was seated as usual on the rude bench beside the fountain. It was getting late. The sun was sinking fast and spreading a beautiful golden light over the modest little church and its yard. It was almost time for Sarah to go home, but she was going to remain until the very last minute this time; for she had had a very trying day of it.

Almost unconsciously she drew out the bank and began to gaze abstractedly at the contents of the nearly filled box. "It'll soon be full enough to take to the rector," she said to herself with little animation in her voice, and then continued musingly: "Just 'spose they was mine! I'd—I'd buy—— If I took 'em nobody'd never know," whispered she, as she gazed with a stared fixidity at the money. "I'd have a red bow for my hair an' a red sash an' be like the little girls in the church! An' oh! my doll would be great big, an' open an' shut her eyes. I'd sit right out here and get her to sleep. I wouldn't be scared nights neither if I had her to snuggle up to. Oh! she'll be a beautiful doll! I'll love her so good an' she—she'll love me. Me an' her'll be so happy."

Almost before the last words were uttered, in tones of delighted anticipation, the little speaker was startled at the sound of something dropping. Turning around the child saw three bright coins on the ground. "Oh! they'll make enough to fill the box," she said excitedly, in her joy quite oblivious of all around her, as she stretched out her hand with great eagerness to get the change. Not until she had regained her seat did she notice the workman, who glancing at the contents of the box beside the child said, "Put those new pieces with the others, little girl, and buy what you want to with them all."

The little face was beaming as its owner looked up at her

companion. She could see the ribbons, could feel the doll hugged tightly in her arms.

"And what are you going to buy, little one?" asked the man.

"I'm going to buy 'wif my money a—a——" "Is it really my money?" flashed through the happy brain, and the idea that it was not, following close upon the former, expelled the dreamy happiness from her eyes. A delicate color suffused her cheeks as she cast down her eyes and almost inaudibly and confusedly added, "I—I—don't know."

The rough man, much perplexed over the change in the little girl, said, "You say you don't know? It's too late for you to be out here all alone. Come, tell me where you live," continued he.

"I ain't going home," she said.

"Where are you going then?" asked he, further mystified by the child.

"To the rector's to take him the water money," she answered in a louder tone, as a determined expression spread over her small flushed face.

"What do you mean, my child?" queried her companion, but received no reply; for the little girl had slipped quietly off her seat and was hurrying to the rectory before the question was ended.

In a few seconds Sarah Ingram had reached the house of the rector's and had lost some of her shyness, as the large hand of the minister closed over her tiny one in a very warm clasp, and his kind eyes smiled down upon her. He was much perplexed when his small visitor explained that she had come to hand in the water money; but in listening to her story, soon understood the significance of the term, and also grasped the other side of the situation from the pain and longing that would obstinately persist in revealing themselves in her tones and in the expression of her face.

After the child had finished talking, the rector, with a strangely sweet expression in his eyes, explained to her that the money she had treasured up so long was hers and not the church's. Sarah's eyes shone with bewildering joy when she

finally understood that the pennies were not payments for the water, but gifts for her.

“An’ I’m really going to have the pretty things, an’ my doll! I can have her to sit with me on the bench tomorrow!” the minister heard spoken in the tremulous excited tones of the little departing guest.

“Yes, and you must come to see me again soon,” he answered. And as he closed the door after her he said to himself, “Yes, and not only the water money, little one, for a new doll, but the means for a new life.”



Before the Service

Lena Greene, '11, Cornelian

Solemn breathes the organ,
Soft and low;
The blended tones come forth,
Ling'ring, slow;
Into the holy stillness float,
Hushed to a whisper, note by note.

Softly hovering—wand'ring,
In that quiet profound—
Glide the sacred murmurs
Of the low-breathing sound,
Benediction in the air,
While the pastor bows in prayer.

O, the reverential awe
In the soul,—
The solemn hush that reigneth
O'er the whole!
Music doth its blessing bear,
While the pastor bows in prayer.

What College Means to the Country Girl

Pearl S. Holloway, '11, Adelphian

What a world of knowledge, both intellectual and practical, is spread out before the simple country girl who enters college for the first time. This field of knowledge seems doubly large in comparison with her educational advantages at home. There, for four months out of each year, she has attended a very poorly-equipped school, a school in which the curriculum is exceedingly narrow and in which the one teacher is much overworked and oftentimes quite inefficient.

Despite all of these disadvantages, it is worth while to be a country girl. The girl from the rural district has an inexpressible feeling of wonder upon entering college, which the girl from the city school cannot experience. The city girl cannot be so affected by the beauty of the college buildings and grounds as the country girl, coming as she does from her poor, unattractive, one-roomed school house, situated on a bare hill at the forks of two washed-out roads. But more than this, the country girl feels much more keenly than does the town girl the necessity to get every single thing worth while out of the college. Her appreciation of the beauty of college domains is of slight consideration, when we think of the extensive collection of books to which she has recourse, of the social advantages she gains from intercourse with so many girls, of the religious association, of the athletic association, and of what the doing of work in well-equipped class-rooms means to her.

It is hard to say how much both the text-books and those of the library mean to the country girl. The value to her in either case is inestimable.

Among the studies which she seldom hears of until she enters college are botany, biology, physics and chemistry. Botany and biology give the girl an entirely new insight into nature. Things, which before seemed so trite and commonplace, thrill her with joy and admiration now as she views them through the trained eye of the naturalist. She learns to

appreciate her country home and its surroundings more fully than ever before. She begins to feel that the country is the most beautiful place in the world, and wonders how she could ever have been so blind to the beauties of nature as to wish to live in the city. In the physics and chemistry laboratories she learns much which will be of service to her in her training for life's work. The domestic science and the manual arts departments are great revelations to her. Perhaps she has done before a little such work as is done in these departments, but with nothing like the ease, the system, and excellency, with which they are done here. She learns how to prepare food in the proper way, how to make the most out of a restricted larder, and is taught the possibility of enjoyment of what the world calls "household drudgery". She learns how to beautify home with little labor and slight expenditure. Her refining touch is seen on all sides. It is seen in the stenciled covers and window curtains, in the beautiful hand-made rugs and in the beaten brass furnishings of her writing desk. The little original designs which have been worked out on articles here and there in the rooms give them an added beauty, and the exquisite blending in color of wall paper, pictures and furniture in every room exhibit the training received at college. The things learned here are of marked contrast to those learned in her home school. There every minor detail, whether or not it had any practical value, or was related to anything of practical value, had to be crammed into her head.

Not only is there more expediency in the assignment of lessons than she has hitherto been accustomed to, but also the method of proceeding in the recitation is new to her. She is at first astonished, and perhaps dreadfully confused by the way the recitation is conducted. She is not asked to "speel off" a lot of word-for-word stuff, as she is accustomed to do at home. Instead, a few pointed thought questions are forcefully put to her. Her own judgment of statements is desired. At first she is scared to her wit's end. She falters and stutters, and tries hard to make an intelligent recitation, but it is in vain. With a perfectly blank mind, she has to say,

"I don't know," and with a crestfallen air resume her seat. However, this will not occur often. Soon she will be thinking, soon she will be giving bright, rational answers; for the country girl is plucky and persevering. She has that "dogged tenacity" which will not give up, which brings things to pass. She must needs succeed.

Another phase of the recitation, which at first balks the country girl, but in the end proves of immense value to her, is the examinations, those things which Helen Keller so effectively describes as, "Those dreadful pitfalls set by schools and colleges for the mortification and confusion of those who seek after knowledge." It is frequently the case that she has never stood an examination before in her life. Now, for the first time, she must answer in a limited time a set of questions, which perhaps seem to her very misleading and far-fetched. Before she is half through the time will be up. As a natural consequence, her paper will be a failure. But this state of affairs will not continue long. It will not be long before her papers will be handed back to her with 3's and 2's on them. She has learned to economize time, to organize her ideas, and in a well-poised, self-possessed manner to write out what she knows.

But the college student is not limited to her text-books alone as previously. She is now able to supplement ideas obtained from them in the library. Parallel reading is one of the requisites in the preparation of many of the lessons. In the library, she can acquaint herself with the famous poets, historians, psychologists, prose writers and scientists, as she delves into their works in preparation for her recitations. Besides the reference books, there are the leading current magazines, the newspapers, and the vast collection of fiction. These become the means, not only of the development of her mind, but also a source of untold pleasure to her. She learns the possibility of both knowledge and enjoyment in good books. She begins to realize the great truth of these words of Cicero:

"Books are the food of youth, the delight of old age; the ornament of prosperity; the refuge and comfort of adver-

sity; a delight at home, and no hindrance abroad; companions by night, in traveling in the country."

Although books are vastly important and comprise so much of the student's time, they are by no means the only important part of college.

It is the broadening of the girl's ideas and ideals of social life which counts much. Especially is this true with reference to the country girl, who quite frequently comes from a secluded neighborhood, very unpleasantly situated, when we consider the purely social side of things. At her home community, the whole round of social functions in summer is composed of a picnic at Easter, several fishing expeditions and perhaps three or four lawn parties, where the entire evening is spent in gossip and frivolous chit-chat. In winter, her life narrows down to going to church once or twice a month, a little visiting and waiting for the mail, which does not always turn up at the right time. The two main organizations of which she can be a member are the Sunday school and a missionary society, both of which die down in the cold months of winter. It is true that there is sometimes a literary society to which she can belong. But it meets only for a few minutes on Friday afternoons, when everyone's brain is tired out from the day's work and is withal so uninteresting and insignificant that it does not deserve the name of literary society.

Think, then, what college, with its many social functions, its athletics, its religious organization, its class and its literary organizations, must mean to the country girl.

There are so many famous musicians and artists, so many good plays, speeches and readings, which she can enjoy at college. She can attend a few receptions, a banquet, an occasional party, and she can "make a tour around the world for twenty-five cents in one evening." In this way she sees so much which will give her new and useful ideas and furnish her a large fund of enjoyment for after years.

Regarding the value of athletics to the country girl, it is scarcely necessary to say much, because their value is so apparent. If, after a few months, her improved general appearance does not show this, a comparison of her entrance

physical culture test with one taken later in the year will give sufficient proof. However, it is not an uncommon occurrence that the girl's appearance and health are so improved by the gymnastics that it becomes a source of wonder to the home people. Then, too, the college games are of inestimable value. They serve as a diversion from the daily routine of work. By a game of hockey, tennis, or basket ball, the girl's mind is refreshed and invigorated. She resumes her task with more real pleasure after taking part in some exciting game.

As a member of the Young Woman's Christian Association, the girl is inspired with a warm feeling of friendship and sympathy toward every girl in college. She gets in touch with the Christian organizations in the colleges of her own and other states. She feels that she is one little link in the chain of Christian workers which encircles the earth, and she feels nearer to womankind than she ever could had she never experienced this training. In the Bible classes and mission classes she can increase her knowledge of the Scriptures. Many of these are taught by members of the faculty, who have taken courses in Bible study and have increased their store of learning by experienced years of teaching. What a vast difference between her lifeless, monthly missionary society at home, and these weekly classes, in which she has reference books, and good maps to trace Paul's missionary journeys, or Christ's pilgrimage here on earth. She can learn more at one such meeting, and learn it more thoroughly, than she could at four such as she has at home. She also gains many practical suggestions which she can put into practice at her home church. She can return to it with a large fund of experience and be able to interest others by her own enthusiasm.

But what can surpass the class in the estimation of the country girl, who never before has been a member of such an organization? What is better than to be a member, for four years, of a class every one of which is as a sister to her; to know that these are the girls who, side by side with her, fight through thick and thin—these the girls who waded through

the theory of limits and the originals of geometry; who look with her in vain for unknowns in the chemistry laboratory; who grapple with her at old Rousseau's and Pestalozzi's pedagogical views, and who discuss with her the merits and demerits of English poets—and to know that even when college days are over, these are they who will always stand by her, as staunch friends, no matter how wide the distance which separates them?

Perhaps there is one thing, one feature of college life, which surpasses the class—the literary society. There she comes into close contact with a larger number of girls. She gains more experience in committee work, learns to stand on her feet and express her opinions with more self possession and presence of mind; because it is harder to keep one's wits together in such work in the larger organization than in the class, which is composed of a fewer number of girls, and which is much more informal. By experience in such and other similar work, she gains confidence in herself, learns to believe in herself, and to make others believe in her. She finds out what she can do by proving herself brave, and thus becomes what she wants to be. "She acquires the habit of striving on with no thought of turning back, or abandoning the pursuit of the object sought to be attained." There is another benefit to be gained from the society which is of great use to the country girl especially. It is the experience she has in planning interesting programs, and the part she takes in decorating rooms for entertainments. This training is of great importance to her, because it gives her power to plan entertainments in her home school, and to make the home social evenings wholesome and helpful as well as enjoyable.

Leaving the class-room, the social functions, and the various associations and organizations of college, the country girl now steps out into a world entirely transformed—a changed world because she herself is changed. She is no longer simple and undeveloped, but is a woman full of common sense and wide-awake intelligence. Life is broader and has a deeper meaning for her. Back she goes to her home filled with noble aspirations for beautifying it, and for giv-

ing facility and system to the household duties. She carries to her home community a fund of suggestions and ideas for organization of Bible classes, book clubs and literary societies, which will do much toward raising the standard of ideas of her friends and associates. She introduces new plans into the rural school, lays stress upon the need of longer terms and better equipment, as well as upon the need of a new and broader curriculum. She is no longer an aimless, thoughtless, dissatisfied school-girl. She is a hopeful, practical, influential woman; for now she has knowledge, and "knowledge is happiness, because to have knowledge—broad, deep knowledge—is to know true ends from false, and lofty things from low."

Meg's Victory

E. Rose Batterham, '11, Adelphian

With her long brown arms clasped tightly around her knees Meg sat on her own favorite soap box in the corner of the grocery store. She held quite an honored position in the village, as clerk in its little store. Her employer was chief oracle in the village, and it was to a young man who was questioning him eagerly that Meg was now listening.

"What shall I do?" the young man was saying. "Was ever a man in a worse plight? Just got the news that my patent's all right, so now I feel a man, independent to speak to her," here he flushed faintly, "and the same telegram calls me immediately, immediately to come and see the thing go through all that red tape business. The train leaves in a couple of hours. It's an awful fix to be in."

"Go and speak to her now. You can make it to Moss Bank and back here in an hour and a half if you drive real fast."

"That's not troubling me. But you know she wouldn't stop school for a conversation with me. She couldn't, and by noon recess it would be much too late."

"Hem, hem, I see. Meg, there's old man Jones coming for his meal, ask him when he's going to fetch me some butter."

Meg loosened herself from her position on the box and stood her brown lean height. Her hair was brown and straight, her eyes, her face and hands were all about the same shade of brown tan, and her bare brown feet could be seen under her ill-hanging brown gingham dress. It was Meg's first long dress and she was very proud of it. As she walked behind the counter the young man looked at her, and compared her with the trim little school teacher. This renewed his troubles and he almost groaned aloud. No help seemed forthcoming from the storekeeper, so he rose to go.

Meg was watching. She gave old man Jones a royal measure of meal and, forgetting to ask him about the butter, slipped from behind the counter and out of the store to where the young man stood caressing his horse.

Meg glanced back to see whether her employer had noticed her absence, but her stealthy bare feet had not awakened him from his meditations.

"Mr. Heath, I hearn whut ye said to him," indicating the store with a backward jerk of her elbow, "and I ken fix things fer ye."

"What?"

"Ye knowed what I sed." It had caused too great an effort to make her bold statement for Meg to repeat it.

She jumped into the buggy, and Mr. Heath in a thoughtful way got in after her and started the horse in the direction of Moss Bank.

All the romantic scenes which Meg had ever imagined could not be compared to this. She was driving down the street of her village with a gentleman. Meg knew that he was a gentleman because he had a horse, a top buggy and was in love with a school ma'am. She sat bolt upright, her hands clenched tightly in her lap and her brown feet carefully concealed under her dress. Her homely face glowed with pride as they dashed down the road towards Moss Bank, a settlement a few miles away.

She was so thrilled with the ecstasy of it all that she forgot the purpose of the drive. When she had left the store with a mad desire to help the unfortunate lover she had no definite plans in her mind. A desire to help and a greater desire to take part in this romance had prompted her; and now when her excitement had partially died down, she began to realize the responsibility she had placed upon herself. Never daunted, she began to rack her brain for a plan to bring the school mistress and Mr. Heath together. Moss Bank watched its teacher closely and she, to keep her position and the respect of the people, had to conform to certain set rules. To leave the school-room with its swarm of children to speak to a young man would involve her in too much trouble. As Meg turned these things over in her mind she sank into the position she always took on the soap box. Her companion was even more thoughtful than she.

They swiftly passed corn fields, orchards and pastures and

were nearing the settlement. It was not until the horse, used to the way, turned off on a by-road leading to the school, that Meg sat up, her face beaming again. She had found a plan! She knew what the people would say of her—"Meg will be Meg—she's always up to some wild-cat tricks. Heaven protect us from her next prank!" So did not fear their criticism.

All the children in the school house heard the buggy approaching; some of them stood up in their seats. The sight of Mr. Heath was not startling, for he often came that way, though perhaps not at this especial time of day, but to see Meg proudly at his side awed them. Meg not at the store in the morning, and Meg driving here with Mr. Heath,—something dreadful must have happened. They instinctively looked at their teacher to see how the phenomenon affected her. She had not looked up from her book, but the sound of the buggy wheels had brought a flush to her face, and a worried, half-wondering expression in her eyes. She had time only to murmur to herself, "He knows that he can't see me now," when Meg appeared in the doorway. She frantically waved her arms and shouted, "Law, children, there's been a cloud-burst on Big Bald and you jest ought to see the creek! Hit's way over the upper foot-log, hit's washed 'way Pete Grigg's pig sty, hit's almost up to the Bailey's barn and——" She was interrupted by a mad rush of children who tore wildly past her in the direction of the Big Bald Creek.

The teacher turned a troubled gaze to Mr. Heath, who was somewhat startled himself, but very happy withal. "I must go after them!" she exclaimed.

"Never mind them, Meg has taken the responsibility of the whole flock upon herself, bless her! I want to tell you about my patent and ask you something——"

In about fifteen minutes Meg returned with the children trailing after her. The older ones had a shame-faced expression, it was silly to be decoyed so easily. The smaller children pulled at her skirts. "Say, Meg, why did ye fool us?" or "Fer whut did ye tell us a story?" but Meg avoided these minor details of her victory with a dignified silence.

The children shuffled back to their seats and began droning

over their lessons. They did not feel hilarious after their little trip to the creek.

Meg did not dare look at the teacher, but the voice in which the latter said, "Children, your spelling books," betrayed that she must be very happy about something.

As they drove off Meg said to her companion, "If you drive fast ye might make the train. Here, give me the reins."

He looked at her and began, "Meg, Meg, I really don't know what to say to you, how to thank you; why, you have made my life——"

"Don't mention it." She supposed that was the proper thing to say under the circumstances. "But, say, hit would be a powerful big thing if a cloud did burst up on Big Bald Mountain!"

A Short Sketch of the Life of Christian Reid

Margaret E. Johnson, '12, Adelphian

One of the facts that our Southland has to greatly deplore is the scarcity of its writers. It is not, indeed, without many that are honored and well known, but in regard to its number compared to that of the North it has comparatively few. Of these few, North Carolina is not without her share.

One of her most widely known writers, and one that has been more signally honored, perhaps, than any of her others, is Mrs. Francis Fiernan, better known in the world of literature as Christian Reid. Mrs. Fiernan was the only daughter of Colonel Charles Fisher, a soldier noted in the war between the North and South for his bravery and courage. He raised and equipped a regiment and led them to victory at the battle of Manassas, where he valiantly gave up his life for the land of his birth. From her father the daughter, who was at the time of the war a young girl, inherited and contracted a strong imperishable love for the Southland. Her tenderness to the wounded and dying soldiers brought to her home during the war was long remembered by those who were so fortunate as to receive her ministrations. Since that time, her devotion to the lost cause, taken together with her love for the Roman Catholic Church, has been the keynote of her life.

After the war, when the whole South was struggling to rise from its ashes and ruins, Mrs. Fiernan, who was at this time unmarried, continued to live in the old ancestral home of her father. Here she still lives today, alone except for her aged aunt, Miss Christine Fisher. Their home is one of the oldest in the old town of Salisbury. It is situated on the most beautiful street of that small city, and although only two squares from the noise and bustle of the public square, the house seems to enjoy a quiet seclusion all its own. It is built in the style of long ago, a square box-like structure with tall chimneys at each end. The white paint that once covered its walls has now disappeared, washed away by the

rains and storms of many years, leaving the color of the weather-boarding a soft, dull gray under the dark green of the ivy clambering over the whole building. Old oaks, elms and walnuts surround the house, and magnolias, cedars and dog-woods are also to be found in the yard and in the neglected garden to its left. In the springtime the whole place is most beautiful. Then the garden is filled with the odors of box-wood, syringas, old-time roses, the musky scent of the wild plum blossoms, and many others of the flowers and shrubs of the long ago.

Just on the other side of the garden stands the quaint Catholic rectory and beside it the church that was built largely through the efforts of Mrs. Fiernan, its most distinguished member. A path leads through the old garden and out a little iron gate into the grounds of the church. Here Christian Reid may be seen often,—in the early morning going to mass, and in the evening going to vespers.

Christian Reid's literary career has indeed been noteworthy. While yet a small child her aunt early saw signs of genius in her and encouraged her in writing stories. One of her most juvenile productions is an *Autobiography of an Old Oak Tree*, written when she was nine years old, as she stood by the side of her aunt and dictated the words to her. Shortly before the year 1870 she astonished her family one day when she solemnly announced to them that she was preparing to write a novel. The novel, *A Question of Honor*, was printed a little later and its success has warranted the career that has stretched from that year down to the present time. During the early period of her writing, ten other books were written. Of them *A Daughter of Bohemia* seems to have been the most brilliant, and *Morton House* the most likeable, considered as a whole.

The Land of the Sky was also written during the latter part of this period and is perhaps the most widely known of all of her books, unless her latest, *The Princess Nadine*, be excepted. This book has done more toward making notable the beauties of North Carolina than any book ever written. It is a lovely and accurate description of a trip through the mountains of

the western part of our state. To it this section owes its aerial name and largely its present popularity.

Christian Reid's works readily divide themselves into three distinct periods. The second period began in 1880 on her return from Europe, where she spent several years in Paris and Italy gathering information for her *Heart of Steel*, which was published shortly after her return to America. Several other books were written during the next seven years, but of all this period, *The Heart of Steel* is the most noteworthy.

In the year 1887 the third period of this already popular novelist's career began. During this year she was married to Mr. James Marquis Fiernan, of Maryland, and shortly afterwards went to Mexico, where her husband had extensive mining interests. While here she wrote a number of books, all descriptive of the sunny country and people of Mexico. One of these, *The Picture of Las Crucas*, was translated into French. The noted French literary critic, Monsieur C. de Varigny, after reading this book, wrote to Christian Reid: "You have talent, imagination, a clear pen, and the gift of observation. You write soberly, clearly, and your personages move lifelike in the mirror of your imagination. I do not doubt that you may conquer fame." Another of the books of this period that is worthy of mention is *The Man of the Family*, a memorial of the author's travels in a beautiful world—forgotten Santo Domingo. *The Land of the Sun*, inspired by the marvelous and picturesque scenery in and around Mexico, was also written during this time.

The year 1898 marked the death of Mr. Fiernan. This loss of one so dear to her almost totally retarded the work of Christian Reid as a novelist. For the next ten years her total literary output consisted of one novel, *Weighed in the Balance*, and some shorter stories, all distinctly religious in tone, and appearing in Roman Catholic magazines. In 1900, however, *The Princess Nadine* appeared as a welcome surprise to the literary world. It has since been distinguished by a translation into Italian. Although given to the public only in the form of a novel, this book was originally prepared as a play. Besides this play, Christian Reid has written at least two

dramas and quite a number of poems. One of the former, a war drama entitled, *Under the Southern Cross*, is a stirring picture of the South during the war between the states, and has been played to enthusiastic houses throughout the South.

On March 20, 1909, a year after the appearance of *The Princess Nadine*, there came the announcement, from the University of Notre Dame in Indiana, which annually confers the Laetare Medal upon some lay member of the Catholic Church in the United States for distinguished service in literature, art, science, or philanthropy, that it would in that year confer the honor upon Mrs. Francis Christine Fisher Fiernan, known to the literary world as Christian Reid. This was the first awarding of the medal to anyone in the South and was therefore a cause for North Carolina to be doubly proud of its distinguished novelist, whose work spans the wide space of almost four decades. Besides this, the medal was all the more welcome for bringing again into wide public recognition in both state and nation, North Carolina's most distinguished novelist after her ten years of almost total submergence.

In appearance Christian Reid is a slight, dainty, little woman with a slender patrician face, crowned with soft, gray hair. Her eyes are of a lovely gray, and her voice, beautiful and well modulated, has a sweet quality in it that is always charming. Her personality is winning and engaging, although her features depict a reserved will and wonderful intellectuality.

Indeed, this charming and famous daughter of North Carolina has given her state great reason to be proud of her. She enjoys the distinction of being the most notable novelist that the state has ever produced, both in the quality of her work and in the volume of her achievement. Her best works have been distinguished by translation into both French and Italian, and she is the first person of either sex in the South upon whom the Laetare Medal has been conferred.

Giuseppe

Margaret Cobb, '12, Adelphian

It was a beautiful bright morning when we started with a party of tourists to drive across the Simplon Pass, and everyone was in a good humor. We laughed and joked with one another about every conceivable thing until the coaches arrived. Then there was a merry scramble to the door. "Oh, I bid to ride in the one with the decorated horses!" I cried; and as I was the youngest—so they said—the baby of the company should be allowed to have her way.

When you are as merry and eager to start as we, it does not take long to get settled. Mother and I, with "Doby" and "Smithey," two nick-named members of our party, *did* have the coach I spoke for. It really was the best of the lot, I was selfish enough to exult. The two chestnut horses were well groomed and had long, waving pheasants' feathers stuck in their "head-dress," which gave a very typically Alpine picturesqueness to their appearance. I rode backwards with "Doby" and had the pleasure of nudging our driver every now and then to extract information. He seemed a nice sort of fellow, but, as he could speak only Italian and we were just beginning to understand that vernacular, our conversation was carried on chiefly in the "sign language."

Besides the driver, there was another object of interest on the front seat—a pale-faced little lad of about nine or ten. He was neatly dressed in a white blouse and trousers, unusually trim for an Italian youth of such a class. Whenever we would begin to talk to his father—for such the driver evidently was—the little fellow would turn his great brown eyes upon us in the highest interest, and occasionally the serious orbs would light up with amusement at our awkward Italian.

Before we were hardly good started it began to turn chilly and Giuseppe gave a little gasping cough. The doting expression on the father's face changed to a worried one, and he took out a warm-looking overcoat and helped the child into it with a masculine awkwardness that was evidently tempered

by practice. Soon the restless child wished to walk, so the father stopped the carriage and lifted out the tiny little mite with a tenderness and gentleness that was pathetic.

We could really feel now that we were climbing towards the Alps. They loomed up before us in all their grandeur and majesty—so contrasted with the daintiness of the flower-dotted meadows that surrounded us. We needs must get out and tramp in the exhilarating air. “Doby” and I were out and swinging along with little Giuseppi. The wild flowers were so beautiful that we could not resist the temptation and began our collection immediately. Every imaginable variety of blossoms was there—we need not have two alike. Giuseppi was very good company and helped us to gather our bouquet. We did not spend all our time picking flowers, however, for we tramped along at a good pace like hardy mountaineers. Nor did we tire quickly. On and on we strode with our little companion, who was manly in spirit if not in his frail body.

The road began to twist and turn, doubling back again and again. We were really on a mountain. Still another turn brought before us an almost perfect stretch of magnificence—a snow-clad peak full in the morning sunshine! An exclamation of wonder and joy came from the whole party. The little lad tugged at my hand as he leaned around to catch his father’s eye. Such a radiance fell from the great, dark eyes, illuming the pale little face, and the father answered with a sympathetic smile. Both seemed to say, “Of course they are wondering. It is the most beautiful of all things! We know how to love it, don’t we?” In my mind I could picture the two scaling those heights together—they would do it some day, I knew.

This was just the beginning of joys. We were not quite enough accustomed to such walking to keep at it constantly, but our rests were very short. Mother said our little footman would wear out both the door hinges and his fingers. Anyhow we kept it up. Once Giuseppi suggested that we follow him over the meadow and, upon receiving assurance from his father, we climbed the hillside through the sweet-smelling flowers and grasses. After going thus for a few minutes we

found ourselves on the road again, but our miniature guide was not satisfied, so we climbed again and reached the road still higher up. Looking down, we saw our carriage far below—two turns away. Our admiration of his leadership called forth that look of exultant love for the mountains that he had showed before; and we brought the color still more warmly to his cheeks when we assured him in broken Italian that he would surely be a guide some day.

Thus we spent the morning. When the children first began to offer edelweiss, he put his hand in his pocket and drew out a package of the precious flowers and shyly presented it to us with the assurance that he himself had picked it—and, you know, that means climbing high, for the very scantiest growth cannot be found below the snow line.

In the afternoon our journey was down grade; so we were obliged to ride, as the horses broke into a brisk trot that we could not keep pace with. It began to grow colder and colder as the sun sank—I wished that I had another coat to add to the two I was wearing. Little Giuseppi began to shiver, and his hacking cough, which had never left him, took on new violence. At every spell of coughing the worried look on the father's face grew more intense. First the laprobe was put around the child, then off came the father's own overcoat for more protection. It was so bitterly cold and Giuseppi was so well bundled up that we could carry on almost no further conversation. However, at our journey's end, we parted good friends; and Giuseppi, returning home with an American pocket knife and some candy, promised to guide us again on our next trip.

I hardly expected to return so soon, but the next summer found me again at Domodossala, asking that Giuseppi Senior and Giuseppi Junior should take mother, two cousins and myself over the same route we had enjoyed so much the previous year. I had lately acquired some knowledge of Italian and begged the rest to let me make the arrangements. In company with the hotel porter I walked along the main—and only—street for some distance, then turned into a square where the mountaineers' houses were. They were a queer combination of Italian and Swiss. The "chalets" themselves were

Swiss, but at many doors lamps were already flickering before shrines, thus combining with the Italian Catholicism a mountaineer's beacon to the straying traveler.

We headed straight for the chalet that faced the mountains and there we found the father lighting his lamps. He bade me come in, but I read in his face what the porter had tried to convince me of. His face was careworn, and all the joy was out of it.

"Ah, signorita, I cannot go. Last year we went and thought that we would take you again many years after; but the child, signorita"—a spasm of pain crossed his face—"he will never go again and I cannot go without him." He bowed his head and a tear trickled down the lined, weather-beaten cheek. Suddenly he straightened up quickly—"I will tell you, signorita. Long years ago I left my native mountains and went to Napoli as a soldier. Here I met a lovely, brown-eyed lass—ah, she was lovelier than you could guess, signorita. Her hair was like ripples of gold turned richer and darker till they matched her eyes, and they were like the boy's. She loved me, signorita, and I loved her. The padre gave us his blessing and we were happy as man and wife. But the love of the mountains was in me and I could not stay away—when the lad was only two we came back here where the mountains are and I was a guide again.

"This was a rough place for a dainty bit of a lassie like her, and I was too happy in my return to notice the cough that came. Her slender little body wasted away and her light step lagged. When I would have it that she was ill she merely said she was tired and would be herself on the morrow—and I was satisfied! Ah, signorita, one time I was caught by the snow on that very peak, and when I came back to her it was only to say good-bye. She could not stand the cough and the worry over me; and when I came she could only smile and whisper 'Giuseppi'—and now the boy!" He choked down the sobs and continued. "From that day I never went anywhere that I could not take the boy. I got a team and drove the pass that I might take him with me, but the cough came. He loved the mountains as I, and, when he would beg so hard, we would climb and get edelweiss. I never let him go out of my sight

until last week and then he—he didn't come back. I found him with a hurt leg and a cough that froze me more than the snow. I brought him home, and there he is, with his eyes like stars and smiling while the cough and the leg are just——” he trailed off into silence. I could not find my tongue before such anguish. My eyes were wet and the catch in my throat would not be suppressed at such a tale and face as the father's. He started and, tiptoeing to the half-open door, disappeared into the next room.

“He heard your voice and wants you, signorita.” I followed into the bedroom. All was still save for the hard-drawn breath of the lad, and the only light was the afterglow of the sunset—just enough to show the little form that heaved convulsively. Oh, how different from when I last saw him! The slender frailty of a year ago had turned to emaciation. The pale cheeks were sunken and the great eyes were luminous with fever—and his gasps were heart-rending. I sat beside him and stroked his hand while the father went over to the window.

Someone started to enter the room, but the child remonstrated with all his feeble strength. The father's face was pitiful. “If I had only had the money to get a doctor, signorita, for the women around here only hurt him and he won't let them touch him now.”

There we sat through the twilight. It grew so dark that we could not distinguish the woman in the corner, nor the father. Each moment the breathing was harder. Then, after a while, the mountains stood out in relief against the radiance of the moonrise, and the child seemed happy.

“Father,” he gasped, “give me one more yodel.” The father's voice was husky and he had to clear his throat again and again before a note would come, but the boy wished it—softly, faint, and far-away, as if from the mountain tops, the yodel filled the room; and the child smiled to the mountains.

The moon came from behind the mountains and filled the room with its radiance. “Father”—there came a whispered gasp and the father came—“Father, I—love you—and—the mountains”—and the great full moon glistened on the snow-capped mountains and fell compassionately into the room on the kneeling father and the lifeless child smiling to the mountains.



Sketches

Mandy's Philosophy

Mary Perrett, '14, Adelphian

If you should meet a rabbit
When you're along some day,
Just turn your pockets wrong side out,
And go the other way.

If you're going on a journey
And you have to turn around,
Before you do the turning,
Be sure to mark the ground.

When you have awful nightmares,
And you're longing for the day,
Just put some scissors in your bed,
And nightmares go away.

You should never harm a black cat,
Whatever you may do,
For it'll return and ha'nt you
And scare you through and through.

When you hear the screech owl calling,
At night time, near your door,
Turn your left shoe upside down
On a straight crack in the floor.

A Rabbit Tale

Lillian Field, '12, Cornelian

I sat before the big, open fire, in my uncle's den, nodding. It had been a tiresome day for me, for I had been on my first and last rabbit hunt. I was spending the winter with my uncle and his big family of boys. I had never been thrown much with boys and at first my big boy cousins had rather frightened me, but I had grown accustomed to their teasing ways and had learned to love them. They had taught me how to shoot and had begged me to go with them on one of their rabbit hunts. But until today I had always refused. I had gone on this day, but never any more would I go. When I had seen a dear little furry rabbit lying dead at my feet—killed by my own shot—I had fainted. The boys had been frightened almost to death and I knew they would never make me go hunting again. Tonight I had grown tired of their chatter and had crept off to the den to be alone. I was very sleepy, but every time I closed my eyes I saw that poor little rabbit dead on the snow. All at once I sat up with a start. There by my side was the queerest little creature I had ever seen. He was about six inches tall and was dressed in a suit of shining armor. On his feet and shoulders were little wings. He brought his hand up in military salute and said, in a very stern voice, that her majesty, Queen Pam, Queen of Rabbit Land, desired my presence at her court at once. I opened my lips to respond and found to my amazement that I could not talk. The messenger looked at me in the most exasperating way and informed me that for the time being the power of speech had been taken away. I wondered how I was to reach the land of Queen Pam, but I did not wonder long, for my guide waved over me a magic wand which he carried and at once wings appeared on my shoulders. I decreased in size until I was but six inches tall. Then the messenger took me by the hand and we flew through the window. We rose high in the air, so high that I almost ran into a star. Strange to say, the star did not look any larger than it did from the earth, but it twinkled so

fast it made my head swim. Now I had to give all my attention to dodging the stars, and it seemed to me my guide did his best to make me collide with every one. After we had gone a great distance above the earth, we began to fly toward the far north. Soon I saw the full moon coming toward me and it seemed I was right in her path, but my companion would not let me move to one side. As I flew nearer I saw the man in the moon grinning at me in the most horrid way. As I passed by, just missing a collision by an inch, I heard the man in the moon say, "O, you are going to catch it!"

Before I had time to think we began to descend. Down, down we went, I closed my eyes, thinking all was over, but we landed light as thistle. I wondered what would happen next; I could only wonder, for it was too dark to see. I heard my guide say some strange words, then a light appeared at my feet and I saw that the ground had opened, disclosing a tiny flight of golden steps, at the bottom of which was a glow-worm. We descended the stairs and entered a room at the left. I found myself in the most extraordinary place I was ever in. The first thing that attracted my attention was one whom I guessed to be Pam, Queen of Rabbit Land. She was seated on a throne made of spider webs. She was even smaller than my guide and was dressed in a robe of rainbow colors, made from the delicate sheen of many silk-worms. On her head was a crown of jewels, her eyes were as blue as the summer skies and her golden hair hung to her feet. The walls of the room were bright with precious jewels and the floor was of variegated marble. On each side of the queen, reclining on silken mats, many hundreds of rabbits were listening intently to what the queen was saying. I saw all this while we waited for the queen to cease speaking. Queen Pam looked very angry and I heard her say that the wicked human would arrive in a few moments. When she had finished my guide advanced to the foot of the throne, knelt and said:

"O, gracious and ever-beautiful queen, the wicked human is present now."

"Let her come forward!" cried the queen.

I stumbled forward and fell on my knees at the queen's feet. Then I heard her say, with deep anger in her voice:

“Oh, most simple and cruel human, in so much as you, in pursuit of your own selfish pleasure, have killed one of my faithful subjects you will have to suffer. Hear now your sentence. For a thousand long years you will be punished, and this is your punishment. You will be changed to a rabbit, and each morning you will go to the upper world. You will spend your time trying to escape the gun of the hunter. Is it well, my people?” she asked, turning to the rabbits, and with a mighty noise they answered that it was well.

“Then,” said the queen, “when I count three you will become a rabbit. One—two——”

“Why, Helen, what is the matter!” and I opened my eyes to see uncle bending over me.

“Oh, uncle, don’t let them change me to a rabbit, please don’t!” I cried.

Uncle laughed heartily and picked me up and put me on his lap. After a while I told uncle and the boys all about my dream and they thought it was a big joke, but it was all too real to me to be a joke.

The Country Paper

Myrtle Patterson, '14, Adelphian

When the evening sun is setting,
At the ending of the day,
And a fellow rests from labor,
Smoking at his pipe of clay,

There’s nothing does him so much good,
In his wanderings up and down,
As the little country paper
From his old home town.

It’s not a thing of beauty,
And the print’s not always clean,
But it straightens out his temper,
When a fellow’s feeling mean.

It tells about his old friends,
And all things happ'nin' 'round,
This little country paper
From his old home town.

A Portrait in the Chapel

Eleanor Morgan, '14, Cornelian

The first thing that invites our attention in looking at this portrait is the good-humored smile and the look of dry, honest fun about the man. His thin, straight lips are evenly closed, but stretched into a broad, queerly-twisted smile. Yet one can hardly imagine him as being capable of a hearty laugh, but rather as indulging only in quiet little chuckles all to himself. In his lustrous brown eyes, narrowed as by perpetual smiling, there is a mischievous twinkle and through their brightness beams an expression of kindliness. Ragged eyebrows arch slightly over the pleasant eyes and the forehead is high and broad. Time has ploughed deep furrows in his cheeks, and the cheek-bones are high and rather prominent. The fringe of beard around his face meets with the straight black hair which falls loosely over the ears, and forms a circle, giving a sort of background for the whole countenance. His shoulders are rounded and his clothes are put on with no hint of stiffness, giving a free-and-easy appearance to the portrait. Warmth and geniality seem to radiate from his whole personality, making us feel upon first sight of even his pictured face that he would be "a friend indeed."



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In this college there is an error, seldom talked about, of
A WORD ABOUT which many of us are guilty. In all jus-
"SOCIETY" tice to the students let it be said that this
INFLUENCE error originated through a mistaken idea
of loyalty to the societies. Some now believe that it is
their duty to show their love to their society in voting only
for members of that society in class or other elections. Many
girls take this stand in antagonism to the other society and in
a desire to get ahead of it in every way. This form of college
politics has become painfully evident lately. Students from
one society will vote in a body for one of their members for
an office in another organization when they know that the
nominee from the other society is, to use one of our college
expressions, "the girl for the place." Then the other society
will become guilty of the same offense, perhaps in self defense,

perhaps from other reasons more selfish. We are much too prone to carry this matter of loyalty to society into other organizations. Remarks like this are too often heard among the students: "Most all the presidents of the classes belong to our society; we are carrying things our way this year," or, "Did you notice how many girls in that election came from our society?"

We are through with our class elections for the present, but still have many opportunities to take a more noble stand than perhaps we have taken before.

Let us think of this matter seriously, and prepare in the next election to vote as we think, to vote for a girl because she will best fill a place, and not to turn her down because she belongs to the other society.

The societies stand for the highest culture and development in the college, and we owe it to them to refrain entirely from the degradation of petty politics.

E. R. B.

It was a much discussed question among the editors of last year as to whether the election of magazine editors in the future should depend on any literary qualification or not. Hitherto it has been customary to elect these girls without much thought of their ability. They may have been graded 1 on English or they may have received 4; they may have written faithfully for the magazine, or they may not have been sufficiently interested to read it. This was a deplorable state of affairs. Usually the duties thus thrust upon them awakened them to a sense of responsibility; occasionally, however, it did not.

This matter was brought before the societies last spring and it was decided that in order to be eligible for editorship of the Magazine, any girl must have written at least one article of 500 words for the front of the Magazine and one article of 300 words for the back, making a total of 800 words in all. This seems very small, and, in truth, it should be 2,000 words at the very least, but it is a beginning in the right direction and we must remember that "great oaks from small acorns grow." It is to be hoped that such an arrangement will not

only awaken a greater interest in the Magazine, but will stimulate the girls to still greater literary efforts.

We are a good student body, taking us as a whole; everyone will admit that. But, nevertheless, we have yet far to go before perfection is reached. Three very noticeable things mark us as a thoughtless group of people. The first of these is the noise that exists in the study hall of the Administration Building. This room has been set apart for the day students in order that they may have some quiet place in which to study during periods between recitations. It is very necessary to have such a place, and it is equally necessary to have it quiet. Yet many of us, without thinking, go there to study together, or to spend a social half hour in laughing and talking.

Another thing of which we are guilty is too much noise in the dormitory during study hour. Even though we ourselves do not have much to do, other girls have. It is very hard always to consider our neighbors first, but where so many of us live together it is absolutely necessary to think of other people and to respect their rights; otherwise, law and order will soon be a thing of the past. It is simply the difference between liberty and license. We are at liberty to make candy and enjoy ourselves during study hour if we have nothing else to do, but we are not thereby given license to disturb the girl next door and drive her to early rising in order to study in peace while we are sound asleep.

Perhaps the worst evil of all is the talking in chapel. We don't realize it, perhaps, but this is worse than thoughtlessness, it is absolute discourtesy. Chapel exercises are religious exercises, and for that reason, if for no other, we should maintain an air of reverence while there. Would it not be ideal if not one word were spoken from the moment we enter the Students' Building until we leave? And this ideal is not too high to be reached. Let us at least make the effort to attain it.

Never before within the memory of the present editors has so much enthusiasm and interest been manifested in the Magazine. Everybody seems thoroughly aroused and determined to do her utmost. Not only the girls themselves, but the faculty are taking the matter up. We are especially indebted to Miss Fort, who encouraged her class to make cover designs; and to Miss McLelland, who allowed her sections in Freshman English to hand in contributions to the Magazine as themes.

We wish to acknowledge the notices sent us by the Agricultural Experiment Station of the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, and the Baseball Publishing Company of Boston, Mass. Owing to lack of space we are unable to print their letters in this number of the Magazine.



Points of View

The Postoffice at Mail Time

Mary Wood McKenzie, '12, Cornelian

The postoffice presents a very lively scene every morning between ten-thirty and eleven o'clock. Each girl seems to try to add to the confusion by talking, laughing, pushing, crowding at the door and, finally, by slamming the door to her box. The spirit of the College—work and consideration for others—is not as evident here as it should be. The girls not only add to the confusion by crowding in this small room before the mail is up, but waste their time as well. If, instead of going fifteen or twenty minutes ahead of time to laugh and talk, each girl would go quietly, at the right time, get her mail, and then leave, the confusion would be a great deal less and much valuable time would be saved. The girls putting up the mail are very much annoyed by the slamming of the box doors. If each girl would put herself in the place of those working on the inside, she would realize how annoying it would be to have three hundred doors slammed, often some of them more than once. As already stated, it is not in keeping with the spirit of the College to annoy others, so let each of us go to work and, by stopping our share of the confusion, stop it all.

Let Us Wake Up

That we fail to get out of our college life what our opportunities afford us a chance of obtaining is a deplorably well known fact. Day in, day out, we drift along, some of us, in an aimless sort of way, performing the tasks assigned us, and stopping there, often with a feeling of pride that we have done what we were expected to do. A child can do that; and

how much stronger are we than we were in childhood if we make no progress in our methods of learning?

Our purpose should be to make the most of our time. There are hundreds of little things we can do for others that will cost us nothing and for which we will be abundantly rewarded in the results, if we will only keep our eyes open to the needs around us. Our habits of observation need cultivating. Too many of us are blind, blind to the finer beauty of things—of nature, of character, of life.

Let us wake up, let us not only make this the most successful of our college years, but let us form habits for really living, habits that will never be broken.

Economy of Time

Katherine Norfleet, '11, Cornelian

One of the most deplorable things at the present time in college is the amount of time that is wasted. A great many of the girls have not yet learned the value of time. When they have a vacant period between two recitations, instead of using it wisely and advantageously, they loiter around in the halls, preferably in the postoffice waiting for mail, discussing such subjects as the new hats, hobble skirts, the girls admired and those disliked. Often a very animated conversation will last an hour in which nothing is said. Some girls unconsciously waste much time in trying to decide what to do. Another way in which time is wasted is because of lack of concentration. A girl will sit holding her book long enough to learn her lesson twice without once thinking of the subject she is supposed to be studying.

This much lamented feature of college life could be prevented if the student would stop for a moment and plan out each day's work. It is true that it would require some time to make this plan, but the few minutes thus spent would be meager in comparison with the extent of time wasted in looking for something to do. Then, when she has her mental plan of procedure for the day, it is an easy matter to consult it when she finds herself at leisure. This does not necessarily

mean that her day shall be full of difficult, disagreeable tasks, but it does mean that no period shall be carelessly and aimlessly spent. The average college girl spends entirely too much time in light, frivolous conversation. This should not be done. She should break herself of this injurious habit, and try to make everything she says mean something.





Book Reviews

"Kilmeny of the Orchard," by L. M. Montgomery

Jessie Earnhardt, '11 Cornelian

Those who have already fallen a victim to the charms of Anne of Green Gables have experienced, in a very mild form, the affection which they will have for Kilmeny of the Orchard. She embodies all the fragrance, beauty, and purity of the blossoms of the orchard, and the quaint old seats become thrones when she comes there to speak through her violin.

At least Eric Marshall thinks that he is in dreamland when he comes upon the fairy queen in her bower. He is the son of rich parents, and an A. B. man, and was finishing out the school term to oblige an old schoolmate who, on account of his health, had to leave Prince Edward Isle.

In one of his rambles, Eric stumbles by chance into this lovely old orchard, seemingly abandoned. That this is the case he soon discovers for himself.

"Under the big branching white lilac tree was an old, sagging wooden bench; and on this bench a girl was sitting playing an old brown violin. Her eyes were on the faraway horizon and she did not see Eric. To his latest day Eric Marshall will be able to recall vividly that scene as he saw it then—the velvet darkness of the spruce woods, the over-reaching sky of soft brilliance, the swaying lilac blossoms—and amid it all the girl on the old bench with the violin under her chin. Her loveliness was so perfect that his breath almost went from him in his first delight of it. Her face was oval, marked in cameo-like line and feature with that expression of absolute flawless purity found in the angels and Madonnas of old paintings—a purity that held in it no faintest stain of earthliness. There was something very child-like about her,

and yet at least eighteen sweet years must have gone to the making of her."

But he has only a glimpse this time, for as if frightened to death she runs from the orchard down the lane of cherry trees, in her great haste leaving the bow of her violin.

The next afternoon he comes to the old orchard, but he neither sees the girl nor hears the sweet melody of her violin. Not disheartened, he comes again and again until at last one evening he finds her there. She is no longer afraid, but she cannot speak with him, for she is dumb. Her extreme beauty, her child-like faith and purity appeal to him so strongly that he longs to know more of her. Mrs. Williamson, the lady with whom he boards, tells him the story of Kilmeny Gordon, of her mother, of her dumbness, and of her secluded life. Her charm and the voice of her violin bring him back afternoon after afternoon to the dreamy old garden where they two together pass the long summer evenings, often seeing the gorgeous sunset before they leave. And so the days pass until finally Eric awakes to the injustice he is doing Kilmeny by meeting her without the consent of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Miss Gordon, and with this awakening comes another—that of his deep and forever-abiding love for her. After some trouble from a jealous Italian boy, who had been adopted by Mr. Gordon, Eric obtains the consent of her guardians to pay attention to Kilmeny, and the sweet wooing begins. But even though Kilmeny realizes her love, yet because of her dumbness she will not marry him. All his pleadings are in vain. No argument he can advance will make her change in her decision. David Baker, a well-known throat specialist, who was an old friend of Eric, examines her throat and reports that her vocal organs are in perfect condition and that the trouble was psychical, not physical. Eric is in despair, and Kilmeny herself writes that it will be better if he does not try to see her again.

But the shock necessary to cure Kilmeny is given her by the sight of the enraged Italian, axe in hand, standing over Eric, in their old orchard. The fetter is broken. Her first words are his own name, "Eric, Eric". No other people

were ever any happier than are these two. Eric's father has no objection when he sees Kilmeny.

At the close of the story we hear, in anticipation, the sound of merry wedding bells, and with the sound comes a vision of Kilmeny, radiant and happy, and of Eric, tall and manly, as they start out on their life together.

This is the story of the book, and in it lies the greatest charm. The story is so sweet, so simple, and yet so appealing, that everyone lives through the story for themselves. Kilmeny is the pervading spirit. She is the product of a very unusual manner of life and is a creature almost too sweet and ethereal for this earth. Eric, strong, wholesome and sane, furnishes the balance for her character.

We like the book for its delicate sweetness and fragrance. Through all its pages we smell the odor from the flowers in the orchard and the rose garden near by. And connected with every word, inseparable from every thought, is the dainty, flower-like presence of Kilmeny.



Exchanges

Margaret Cobb, '12, Adelpian

With each new year and every month we students of the Normal are trying to make our magazine better in every respect. This organ of the student body should form a vital part of our college life, and we are endeavoring that such shall be the case. In all our efforts toward this it is a pleasure and an encouragement to have our efforts criticised, both adversely and favorably, by other colleges. It is a pleasure to hear favorable criticisms; and those that are otherwise, given and taken in the right spirit, help us to improve. We hope that every Normal girl will spend a part of her time reading what other magazines have to say about our magazine. It will do all of us good. We are anxious to establish an even better system of exchanges with other colleges than heretofore, especially those of this state; and we are dealing out our criticisms in the same spirit that we will receive those given us.

The first thing that we should consider is the spirit of the magazine. It should be the spirit of the student body which the magazine represents—one of earnestness, good nature, progress, and like qualities.

We wish to encourage the Palmetto on the brave start it is making and wish that it may continue in the way it has begun.

The Davidson Magazine would make of itself the erroneously called "*typical* college boy of today." They may have some of that class, but we are sure that all at Davidson are not busy with flippant love affairs and take-offs on the students—and then, a boy's college can use better language. It does not have to use rough language just because it is a boy's magazine.

The class of material in our magazines is sadly deficient

in some respects, especially in the number of poems. For instance, the Wake Forest magazine is very good as far as it goes, but there are only two poems to eleven prose articles. Wake Forest has more poets than that, we are sure.

In quoting foreign tongues in essays we would all appreciate them more if the quotations were translated. The article on Schiller in the Trinity Archive would be much more readable if the beautiful thoughts from Schiller had been put also into English.

But on the whole our perusal of this month's magazines has been very enjoyable. We wish particularly to call attention to the stories and essays in the Wake Forest Student and the Acorn, and the originality shown by the Davidson students.



Society Notes

With the Adelphians

E. Rose Batterham, '11, Adelphian

The program for the society meeting which was held on the fourteenth of October, was a debate, the query being, "Resolved: That vivisection shall be prohibited by law." The debaters on the affirmative were Lucy Hamilton and Ethel Smoak, those on the negative, Emma Vickory and Lillian Crisp. The debate caused much enthusiasm, and several members who were not on the regular debate spoke on the subject while the judges were making their decision. The affirmative side won. This year the girls seem to be taking more interest in debates than ever before. Although there is room for a great deal of improvement in the debating line, we have had several good speeches made at the debates.

After the initiation services of the Adelphian Society on the evening of the twenty-eighth a literary program, in the form of a play, Yeats' "Land of Heart's Desire," was given in the society hall. The play is written in poetry which throbs with an intense feeling of the imaginary. A "newly married bride," who lives with her husband's family, is not happy in the every-day life of the Irish peasant, as she dreams of a land of fairy. As the family, with the village priest, is seated around the board and the child-wife, Maire, dreams over an old book, faint music is heard in the distance. A child with red gold hair and "a face that is as pale as water before dawn" comes dancing into the room. She woos the spirit of Maire away from the home, the fireside, away from the loving husband, to the "Land of Heart's Desire,"

"Where beauty has no ebb, decay no flood,
But joy is wisdom, time an endless song."

Her soul is carried away to the music of fairy voices that sing:

“The wind blows out of the gates of the day,
 The wind blows over the lonely of heart,
 And the lonely of heart is withered away
 While the fairies dance in a ring apart,
 Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,
 Tossing their milk-white arms in the air;
 For they hear the wind laugh and murmur and sing
 Of a land where even the old are fair,
 And even the wise are merry of tongue;
 But I heard a reed of Coolaney say,
 When the wind has laughed and murmured and sung,
 The lonely of heart is withered away.”

Mr. Hill composed special music for the song and its weird strain suited well the mystic words. Manteen Bruin, the head of the house, who was right content and could say:

“To sit beside the board and drink good wine
 And watch the turf smoke coiling from the fire,
 And feel content and wisdom in your heart,
 This is the best of life,”

was represented well by Della Blevins. Mildred Harrington made a splendid Bridget Hart, the old mother with “a tongue that is more bitter than the tide.” Leah Boddie, as Father Hart, represented the type of priest who could say in all earnestness, “The cross will keep all harm out of the house while it hangs there,” and

“We must be tender with all budding things.
 Our Maker let no thought of Calvary
 Trouble the morning stars in their first song.”

Ethel Skinner, as Shawn Bruin, was the young husband who sorrowfully realized that with all his great love for her he could not make his wife happy.

“Would that the world were mine to give it you,
With every quiet hearth and barren waste,
The maddening freedom of its woods and tides,
And the bewildering light upon its hills.”

Mildred Moses interpreted well the character of Maire Bruin. Her love for her husband is proved by her saying,

“O, you are the great door-post of this house,
And I, the red nasturtium climbing up.”

And yet her dreamy nature leaned to the land where a Princess Adene heard

“A voice singing on a May eve like this,
And followed half awake and half asleep,
Until she came into the land of faery.
And she is still there busied with a dance,
Deep in the dewy shadow of a wood,
Or where stars walk upon a mountain-top.”

The part of the Faery Child was well taken by Marianna Justice. She could say, with all the mystic of faery land,

“We who ride the winds, run on the waves,
And dance upon the mountains, are more light
Than dew drops on the banners of the dawn.”

After the play a banquet was given, in honor of the new members, in the Dining Hall of Spencer. The hall was beautifully decorated in flowers and leaves, which carried out the color scheme of red and gold. The souvenirs were red and gold chrysanthemums, and the menu cards, with their gold seals, were tied with red cord.

The following menu was served :

Tomato Salad	Cheese Sandwiches
Olives	Beaten Biscuit
	Celery
Ice Cream	Cake
Coffee	Wafers

The toastmistress of the evening was Catharine Jones. Minnie Littmann's toast to the new members was responded to by Viola Joseph. The response to the toast given to the Cornelian Society by Margaret Wilson was made by Myrtle Johnston. Jamie Bryan toasted the Adelpian Society and was answered by Florence Hildebrand. Mr. David Stern answered Frances Broadfoot's toast to the visitors. To the Alumnæ, by Leah Boddie, was responded to by Miss Laura B. Weill. Mr. Jackson made the response to the toast to the Faculty, made by Rose Batterham. As Dr. Foust could not be with us, through a telegram he sent was his response to a toast made to him by Ethel Skinner. The banquet closed with the toast, "To our Next Meeting," by Gladys Avery. Besides many alumnæ, several down-town visitors were with us at the banquet.

At the last society meeting, on the eleventh of November, the literary program was in two parts. A play by Yeats, "The Pot of Broth," was admirably presented by Mary Tennent, Naomi Schell and Sarah Tulbet. The humor of this play was aptly brought out by the acting of these girls.

A series of tableaux, representing famous paintings, formed the second half of the program. They were as follows:

The Angelus, Frances Summerell and Rosa Perry; Girl with Muff, Viola Joseph; Ruth and Naomi, Elsie House and Mary Spivey; Ruth, Audrey Pruden; Bubbles, Margaret Smith; Return of the Mayflower, Fannie Starr Mitchell and Janie Carlyle; Joan of Arc, Gelda Elliot; Queen Louise, Bernice Taylor; John Alden and Priscilla, Esther Yelventon and May Gay; Mother and Daughter, Elizabeth Long and Emma Wilson.

With the Cornelians

Lelia White, '11, Cornelian

On Friday evening, October 15th, after the regular work of the society, the Cornelians were delightfully entertained by a pantomime of "The Sleeping Beauty." Miss Graham, who is a very skillful reader, read the story, while Vera Idol

as the Queen, Kate Styron as King, Annie Laurie Ramsey as the Princess, Gretchen Taylor as the Prince, Natalie Nunn as the evil fairy, Allie Parsons as the old woman at the spinning wheel, and Ada Viele as the good fairy, all acted their parts well. Nan McArn and Mary Williamson furnished music, both before and after the pantomime, which was enjoyed by everyone present.

The Cornelian Literary Society initiated its new members on Saturday evening, October 29th. Early that morning the new girls were awakened by the bleating of an angry billy-goat, who, in all his majesty, wore the society colors, blue and gold. In the evening after the new members, one hundred and six in number, were initiated, the faculty and visitors of the college, together with the members of the society, were invited to the dining hall, where a unique Dutch supper was served.

The dining hall presented a beautiful scene. A soft light pervaded the room, coming from four hundred little blue candles in tiny brass candlesticks. In the center of the dining hall stood a great Dutch wind-mill, slowly turning, while little Dutch maids sat on the balcony high above the people's heads. The tables were arranged in several groups, each group forming a triangle, the shape of the Cornelian pin. The center-pieces were beds of beautiful red, yellow and white tulips, the national flower of Holland. In the rear of the dining hall there was a stage, on which a tiny hill sloped down to a miniature pond. Upon this stage little maids, in characteristic costumes, with wooden shoes, quaint dresses, and dainty white caps, enacted little Dutch scenes and sang Dutch melodies. Between these acts the orchestra played while the guests were served with the following menu: Sandwiches of graham bread and switzer cheese, potato salad, pumpkin pie with whipped cream, and coffee. The one stone wind-mill, the music, the soft light from many candles, and the quaint Dutch maids, produced a happy effect, and the guests felt it. At the close of the evening each one was presented with a tiny candle and candlestick, by which they might remember the evening spent in quaint old Holland.



Among Ourselves

Marea Jordan, '11, Adelphian

On Founder's Day, October 12th, the Normal again honored its founder and first president, Dr. McIver. The day was, of course, a holiday spent in paying tribute to the man who gave his life to the cause of woman's education in North Carolina.

Early in the morning representatives from the two societies and each class carried beautiful floral offerings to Dr. McIver's grave. On their return, at half past eleven o'clock, the whole student body, dressed in pure white, marched the length of College Avenue and into the auditorium. Here Hon. Josephus Daniels told of Dr. McIver and his great work. The University and the A. & M. sent greetings by their representatives, and all joined in singing our national and state anthems.

On the same evening the college again assembled in the auditorium to receive from the University Alumni the gift of a portrait. Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer, the "daughter of the University," was indeed a worthy figure to bear witness of the friendship between the two colleges. Hon. Hannis Taylor, a personal friend of Mrs. Spencer, gave a delightful sketch of her life and character. In a few choice words Dr. Venable presented the portrait to the college and Mr. Joyner accepted in behalf of the college. After singing the "Old North State" everyone filed past the rostrum to view the portrait of another of Carolina's daughters. Then the short respite from work was over, but back to the classrooms each one of the students carried memories of two great and good people who have done so much for the advancement of education.

In the gymnasium, on Friday evening, Nov. 4, the Sophomores gave a delightful entertainment, in the form of a Hal-

lowe'en party. The room was dimly lighted by large jack-o'-lanterns. A ghostlike troupe of guides showed the visitors the wishing well, the gypsy tent, the burning caldron, and other mysteries of Hallowe'en. All the queer pastimes customary at this season were indulged in. Bobbing for apples brought forth shrieks of merriment.

A "take-off" on the faculty was aptly carried out. Several ghosts represented a college where the little mannerisms of our faculty were combined in one of the teachers. The faculty seemed especially to appreciate this.

The refreshments were fruits, lemonade and peanuts. Music was given by the college orchestra, all of whose members were in ghostlike costumes. Everyone enjoyed the fun and quaintness of the entertainment.

Hon. James Schoolcraft Sherman, Vice-President of the United States, visited our college on October 27, and talked delightfully to the student body in the auditorium. His address was full of humor and kept us laughing almost the whole time, yet he gave us also some profitable thoughts on the importance of our mission as teachers. We heartily enjoyed the Vice-President's visit and hope that we may some day have the pleasure and benefit of another and longer one.

President Parks, of the State Normal and Industrial College at Milledgeville, Ga., visited our college on the tenth of November. After looking over the various buildings and departments of our college, he gave a most interesting talk to the students at chapel exercises.



In Lighter Vein

Clyde Fields, '12, Cornelian

Echoes From the Class Rooms

“Excuse me, please, but that’s not right,”
You’ll hear in geom’try, try as you might,
Followed closely by “questions or criticisms,” too;—
Dear me, what *is* a girl to do!

And then in English you must do “just so,”
And “write for the magazine,” whether or no.
“Too large, too large!” if you attempt to draw,—
This is the queerest place I ever saw.

“Two cannot on one pony ride,” we know,
For when examinations come off one would go;
“In other words,” each girl her very own
Latin lesson must study and master alone.

“Good students, good students, this college means work,
And daily lessons you never must shirk;
Things don’t come easy,—you’ll always find
You must get down to it and grind and grind.”

“Please call to see at your first vacant period!”
Of cards reading thus we’ve long since wearied;
“I appreciate the fact, but if one girl breaks a rule,
Five hundred doing the same will ruin the school.”

Mary Porter, '13, Adelphian.

Martha: “Ray, who is your room-mate?”

Ray: “Jewel Grass.”

Martha: “What sort of a jewel?”

Ray: “Why she’s an *emerald*, I think.”

New girl (to a Cornelian): "Who is president of the Cornelian Society?"

Old girl: "I can't tell you."

New girl: "Well, if I had been a member of society as long as you have, I would certainly know that much."

Two girls, while walking in the park, passed the stage and seats which were used when the Ben Greet players were here, and one of the girls said:

"I wonder what this is?"

The second girl quickly replied:

"Why, this is the Y. W. C. A. theatre. Haven't you seen it before?"

Freshman (to her room-mate): "This is the coldest room I ever saw. If you don't close that *transfer* I shall freeze."

You had just been to "Gym," it was far to your room,
 You had a recitation and the bell rang so soon;
 You hurried and scurried, I know it was fate,
 It wasn't your fault but still—you were late.

The next Monday afternoon you received an invitation,
 Kindly requesting your immediate presentation—
 The outcome of it all—oh, terrible facts—
 The following Saturday you had to write *contracts*.

M. P., '13, Adelpgian.

Louise B. and Margaret S., while shopping down town, went into one of the dry goods stores, and Margaret, while examining a piece of material, said: "Oh, Louise, look at this *mesmerized* goods for only 11 cents a yard!"

A question on entrance examination: "Tell all you know about Chaucer."

Answer: "All I know is that Chaucer was educated at Harvard."

F. B. (at breakfast): "Do you reckon *puffed* rice is made of *wheat*?"

Miss C. (in Freshman English): "What would you need to study if you wished to become a sculptor?"

Student: "The skeleton, I suppose."

Evidently there have been some new books added to our library, for one girl asked the librarian where she could find Scott's Emulsion and Ivanhoe's English History.

Gretchen: "Which one of Shakespeare's characters shall I represent?"

Mildred: "Why don't you be Little Nell?"

A Special, looking at the picture of an Eskimo with a snowshoe in his hand, said: "Do the Eskimo's play tennis in the Arctic regions with those funny rackets?"

Kate O. went in the room of one of her neighbors and found the occupant of the room screwing and unscrewing the door bumper. Upon being asked what she was doing, she answered:

"Why, I am trying to turn the heat on so this room will get warm."

E. C. (to her room-mate): "Who wrote *Gray's Elegy*?"

M. E.: "I'm not not sure, but I think *Milton* did."

My Latin, 'tis of thee,
 Lost land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing.
 I hate thy verbs and nouns
 And all thy liquid sounds;
 For all my heart abounds
 With awful fear.

Lillian Crisp, '13, Adelphian.

S is for seriousness we ought to possess;
E for earnestness, in value not less;
N stands for knowledge if we leave off the k;
I for industry we should practice each day;
O for obedience and order as well;
R is for rules on which our minds dwell.

Mary Walters, '11, Cornelian.

The Value of Numbers

If five hundred twigs from the park were broken;
 If five hundred words in the chapel were spoken;
 If five hundred girls to each meal were late;
 We'd be in, I confess, a deplorable state.
 Try as we may, this we can't forget,
 For with statements like this we're every day met.

Mary Walters, '11, Cornelian.

Just Before Thanksgiving

"Gobble, gobble, gobble!"
 Oh, the gobbler's voice was free!
 But I would that he had not perched him
 On the topmost limb of that tree.
 O well for the rest of the drove,
 That you lead them up out of our way!
 O well for your own proud neck,
 That out of our reach you now sway!
 And your beady eyes gleam down,
 As you "putter" so loud and so shrill;
 But O for the day when you'll have to come down,
 And your lordly gobble be still!

Mary Hunter, '12, Cornelian.

The Charge of the Normal Maid

Half a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,

All into Peabody Park
 Strode the six hundred.
 "Look all you please, fair maid,
 But don't touch the trees," he said;
 As into Peabody Park
 Strode the six hundred.

Dogwood to right of them,
 Dogwood to left of them,
 Dogwood behind them,
 Blossomed and tempted;
 Looked at with longing gaze
 By those who felt a craze
 Urging on in many ways
 To do what none might dare.
 If one should fill a vase,
 What would be left,—ahem—
 By the six hundred?

Say—did that dogwood fade?
 Well,—'twas a mighty raid—
 All here have wondered.
 Think of the charge they made!
 Think of the courage displayed!
 O, you six hundred.

M. L., '11, Adelpkian,
L. M. B., '11, Adelpkian.

"Initiation"

O think of the pole,
 All greasy and slick,
 And think of the fun
 We'll have climbing the trick.

When whispers are heard,
 And sly faces are seen,
 The new girls just tremble
 And lots of them scream.

Suspense is so dreadful,
 How can we all see
 The point in just waiting
 To see what we'll be?

At last *they* are here,
 Invitations, I mean,
 But still the new girls
 Are so dreadfully green.

The night has arrived,
 We gather below
 To think of the tortures
 To which we must go.

Mr. Hill seems to tremble,
 Miss Daniel to frown,
 And then to "King Goat"
 We all gather 'round.

No more must we tell,
 But this I will say,
 We were all late for breakfast
 The following day.

Initiation has gone,
 The goat and all past,—
 Aren't we glad we are members,
 Real members, at last!

Elizabeth Camp, Cornelian.

ORGANIZATIONS

Marshals

Chief—Frances Bryan Broadfoot, Cumberland County

Cornelian

Myrtle B. Johnston, Washington County
Antoinette Black, New Hanover County
Bessie Bennett...Rockingham County
May Green.....Davie County
Louise Gill.....Scotland County

Adelphian

Huldah Slaughter.....Wayne County
Minnie Littman Rowan County
Catharine JonesDurham County
Ethel Skinner Pitt County
Leah BoddieDurham County

Societies

Cornelian and Adelphian Literary Societies—Secret Organizations

Student's Council

Frances Broadfoot	President	May Green	Vice-President
Mary Tennent	Secretary		

Senior Class

Lelia White	President	Natalie Nunn	Critic
Margaret Pickett	Vice-President	Katherine Norfleet	Secretary
Ada Viele	Historian	Antoinette Black	Treasurer
Lelia White	Poetess	Zannie Koonce	Statistician
Frances Broadfoot..Last Will and Testament			

Junior Class

Rebecca Herring	President	Claudia Cashwell	Secretary
Amy Joseph	Vice-President	Mary Van Pool	Treasurer

Sophomore Class

Florence Hildebrand	President	Carrie Toomer	Secretary
Gertrude Griffin	Vice-President	Pattie Spurgeon	Treasurer

Freshman

Annie Sugg	President	Sallie Boddie	Secretary
Maud Bunn	Vice-President	Fannie Starr Mitchell	Treasurer

Y. W. C. A.

Natalie Nunn	President	Pauline Whitley	Secretary
Myrtle Johnston	Vice-President	Mary K. Brown	Treasurer

Athletic Association

Catherine Jones	President	Irene McConnell...V.-Pres., Freshman
Annie Louise Wills ..	V.-Pres., Senior	Ivor Aycock
May Green	V.-Pres., Junior	Mattie Morgan
Christian Rutledge. V.-P., Sophomore		Margaret Wilson

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